THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranfactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverfion interefting to the Man of Pleafure, Enterprize and Spirit,

For DECEMBER, 1796.

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ORNAMENTED WITH

1. A capital Portraiture of a famous ARABIAN; 2. an Etching, reprefenting the COCK-PIT ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick-fquare, Warwick-lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookfeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE Requeſt of *J. B. R. O.* is attended to in the preſent Number.

We regret exceedingly, the ſad Misfortune which befel Mr. Briggs in the courſe of the *Chace*, mentioned by one of our *Windſor Correſpondents*, and hope to hear that the conſequence may not prove ſo diſaſtrous as expected.

The Account of the *Deer Hunt*, favoured by *T. L.* has immediate Inſertion in the preſent Number.

The Editors of the Sporting Magazine confeſs to have done much towards the illuſtration of the various Diverſions of Antiquity, in common with their exertions in every other ſpecies of Sport and Entertainment; and, as a further proof of what they at all times profeſs, they have given prompt inſertion to the Article from *Worceſter*.

The *Song* requeſted for Inſertion by *Little B.* is too political for our Work; if he recollects for a moment, it will appear plain to him, that *Politics* " partake not of the nature of our plan."—We alſo inform this Correſpondent, that (with other Societies of a ſimilar kind) the *Odd Fellows* has not eſcaped our Obſervation; his Strictures thereon are conſequently not in any degree conſidered as an Illuſtration to what has already been ſaid. His Anecdote, which he deſigns for our *Feaſt of Wit*, is under conſideration.

Lines on the Return of Lord Malmſbury, are totally inadmiſſible, for the reaſons above ſtated. We have, however, (in common with all good friends to their country,) but one ſentiment on this occaſion; that, though the late miſſion has been unſucceſsful, it may ultimately prove nothing more than a temporary gloom, prefacing the all-cheering ſmiles of an honourable and permanent Peace.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For DECEMBER, 1796.

New Jockey Club.

No. IX.

The Earl *of* Lonsdale.

AS it is the duty of a biographer to sustain the interests of truth, under all circumstances, and to repress the advancement of error, we shall make no other apology for the following statement, although its tendencies are not of that illiberal complexion which have so uniformly characterised our periodical publications, whenever the agency of this nobleman was brought into discussion or consideration.

The Earl of Lonsdale was created a peer of Great Britain during the present administration; a distinction to which he was eminently entitled, as his vast property and great influence attached a power and dignity to his name, which naturally and socially required a precedence in rank. He married Lady Stuart, daughter of the late Earl of Bute, sister to the present marquis, and the Ladies Portarlington and Macartney.

Notwithstanding the clamour of a mischievous and ill-judging part of the community, it is our decided opinion, that his lordship has acquired his unpopularity more by the direct exercise of an independent spirit, than the desire to oppress any, even the meanest individual. It should be recollected, that it is infinitely more easy to pass through existence with common love and general credit in a state of humility or restriction, than in that of splendour and power. We look towards men thus stationed, as through a microscope, when we are inclined to regard their weaknesses,—and weaknesses are inseperable to us all; but, as the divine *Shakespeare* expresses it, we write their virtues in sand—we give an energy to our hatred, which our affections can never know in any state, independent of immediate love; during the paroxyism of that malignity, we are not scrupulously delicate in assigning actions which the party never perpetrated, and motives which he never felt!

Some years since, he had the misfortune to be engaged in an important law-suit with the Duke of Portland, relative to a vast portion of land in Cumberland; and it is believed, that there have been few instances of litigation where the gentlemen of the long robe have experienced a richer harvest: it was carried on by both parties for several years, at an immense expence, and terminated to the disadvantage of his

 lordship.

lordſhip. It was during this legal conteſt, that a reflection was uſed by Sergeant Bond, in the court, which Lord Lonſdale deeming both perſonal and illiberal, he called the advocate to the field, to anſwer for the preſumed impertinence, where a neceſſary explanation enſued, and his lordſhip, with becoming dignity, admitted the apology. It ſhould be remarked, that the bravery of Lord Lonſdale was never queſtioned; and it naturally follows, that in that boſom where courage reſides, the meaner paſſions cannot procure an eſtabliſhment:—ſuch a perſon may be occaſionally unwiſe, but cannot be methodically diſhonourable.

Although his lordſhip has had a ſeat in the houſe of peers, for ſeveral years, we believe that he has never ſpoken ſince his induction; but this implied ſeceſſion from legiſlative duty, is not very blameable in our eyes; inaſmuch as the rage of making ſpeeches hurries ſo many into the oratorical field, that a diſpoſition in any to be ſilent, rather argues the poſſeſſion of a ſpirit of diſcretion, than a denial of ability, or a relinquiſhment of a neceſſary duty. It may be ſuppoſed alſo, that an individual of Lord Lonſdale's influence, cannot be rendered ſo entirely practicable and pliable, as the exigencies of a miniſter may require; and that he thereby prefers a tacit independent dignity, to the ſuſtaining of all the meaſures of particular men, or oppoſing all the meaſures of particular men: as he is above the temptation of a bribe, ſo may he be above the littleneſs of wiſhing to embarraſs thoſe, upon all occaſions, to whom the guidance of the ſtate is conſigned, and who muſt neceſſarily, in doing much, do ſomewhat not preciſely conſonant with the rigorous maxims of thoſe, who are, in a political ſenſe, ſuperior to the allurements of hope, or the ſuggeſtions of fear.

Lord Lonſdale draws a princely revenue from his coal-mines, in the vicinity of Whitehaven, which town he has beautified and conſiderably improved: his parliamentary dominion is ſo very great, that, from the counties of Cumberland and Weſtmoreland, he ſends eight members to parliament; this extraordinary power gives him an importance and weight in the ſenate, which no other ſubject enjoys in ſo high a degree; and it ſhould be recorded, to his honour, that, notwithſtanding thoſe ſupreme advantages, he is leſs clamorous for the *douceurs* of government, than many who have not ſuch conſiderable pretenſions.

Under all thoſe complicated circumſtances of detraction which have ſo uniformly purſued this nobleman, he muſt draw ſolacement from a conviction, that he is only enduring that penalty, which the elevated of all ages and nations have experienced,—that the mean have a ſettled tendency to abuſe the mighty, and that if the moon was not above the cur, the cur would not direct its ſilly rage againſt the moon!

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

CONSIDERING your publication as the beſt channel for conveying intelligence of the chace down to poſterity, I beg the favor of you to inſert a moſt ſingular, and, I may ſay, not to be equalled, *Deer Hunt*, lately run by part of a ſmall pack of harriers,

riers, kept by subscription, in Witney, Oxfordshire.

A few weeks since, a young farmer, at Middlefield, who is a subscriber to the pack, and not less respected as a neighbour, than admired as a sportsman, going over his farm soon after day-break, to his teams, and having with him *two couple and a half* only of these little harriers, they hit something off across the field; the farmer followed, and on enquiring of a shepherd, he was told his hounds were running a very large buck, and that he was then making for the copses near the forest of Whichwood. The deer had not long entered these covers, when he was forced to quit them, and seek refuge in the skirts of the before-mentioned forest; here he was not more secure; the little cry stuck so closely to him, that at length, nobly disdaining to be thus worried, he left the forest, cleared a wall at least ten feet high, and artfully crossed a large sheet of water—but all in vain. The staunch hounds having now got up, and taking him three entire turns round Blanford Park, he again took the wall, and several times crossing a river, made for Ditchley Woods, where he was hard run from covert to covert, till striving at last to reach Ditchley Park, he was fairly pulled down by this little blood-thirsty pack, they all hanging on his haunches till he was taken by some people who came up, after running four hours and a half, and at least 30 miles. The farmer, on foot, highly elate, and by crossing the country the nearest way, had the good fortune to get up about an hour after the death, and having had some refreshment at the next town, he took one of the haunches, together with the head and horns, and throwing them on his shoulders, walked home with this load of honor, and his hounds following at his heels the same evening. The head and horns, which are very large, he has since affixed on the most conspicuous part of his farm, there to remain the immortal trophy of the day's sport; and from the extreme pleasure he enjoys in recounting the particulars of this extraordinary hunt, he believes there is not another sportsman so great in the land.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your's, &c.

Witney, J. L.
Dec. 5, 1796.

Major Semple.

SINCE the conviction of the famous Major Semple, alias Lisle, for obtaining a *sheet* on false pretences, and for which he was sentenced to seven years transportation, (see a former part of our Magazine,) the said Semple, for what particular reason we know not, has remained on the *state* side of Newgate ever since; and there, by sending petitions to humane persons, and a little swindling, has obtained a comfortable subsistence, enjoying his mornings in gown and slippers, and afternoons in the regimentals of a foreign corps. At once, however, and most unexpectedly, to destroy this *tolerable* way of sustaining life, an order was lately sent to Newgate to remove the prisoners sentenced to Botany Bay, from that prison, to Portsmouth, to be put on board the hulks in Langston Harbour; in consequence, when the morning arrived on which the necessary dispositions were to be made for this removal, and

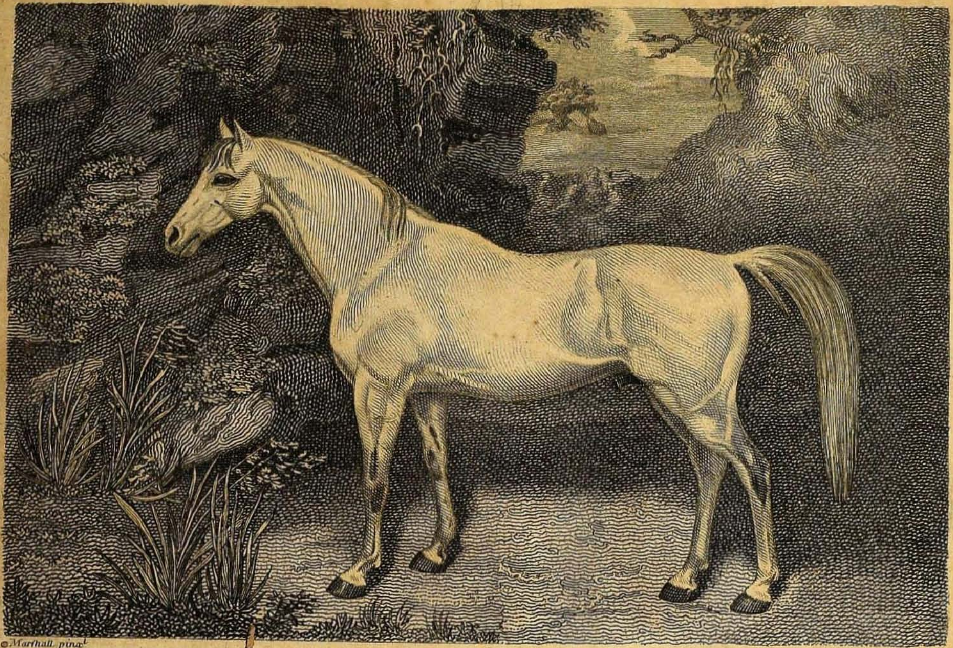
and the Major was told to prepare, he requested permission to return to his room, under pretence of searching for something he had left behind, which being granted, he suddenly, and in the presence of the younger Kirby, drew a knife, and stabbed himself in the body, but not effectually. This rash act, however, answered his purpose, by deferring the execution of his sentence, and prolonging his stay in the prison. He is at present much disordered, but no symptoms of danger are apparent.

AN AUTHENTIC FRAGMENT, WRITTEN IN SCOTLAND,

By ANTHONY PASQUIN, *Esq.*

" How sweet's the love that meets return.'

—DURING a very heavy fall of snow, in the winter of 1784, we rode on horseback from Berwick to Kelso, upon the banks of the Tweed, regardless of the remonstrances of many, who insisted that the roads were impassable to the west—and, in truth, it was an act of hardihood and folly, as the congealed flakes were drifted by the blast, and beat violently against our eyes and teeth——at every step, the jaded animals were more than knee deep, and, may be rather said to have plunged onward than otherwise—when we arrived, with much difficulty, at a naked lonely alehouse, near Tweezle, on the river Till, we found an inhabitant of Kelso, who had been detained in this thatched hotel, two days, by the inclement season; he sat, in a contracted state, inclining over the embers on the hearth, like the personification of the ague —when he recognized us, his features assumed their wonted firmness, and, gathering intrepidity from example, he resolved to accompany us, although the roads and ditches were so filled up, that the vast face of the country seemed an unbroken wide expanse—on our arrival in the middle of a heath, which we did not accomplish until the insidious approaches of night, we faintly discovered a female form wading and floundering irregularly toward us, in the trackless snow: her attire was so loose, and involved so much of the simplicity of a villager, that she appeared as if habited merely to pass from one neighbour's house to another——viewing her through the misty atmosphere we hesitated to pronounce her as human; the contour of her body, was so softened by the intermediate vapours, that she seemed aerial—on our becoming nearer, we ascertained her, with extreme astonishment, to be the wife of our companion: she had been wandering in a spirit of desperation, thirteen miles from her home and her infants, in that bleak day, to find the remains of her beloved Willy, believing him, from his unusual and alarming absence, to have perished in the hard weather——upon the instantaneous assurance that she beheld her husband once more, she issued a loud and piercing shriek, and sunk motionless in the snow—when we had chafed her temples, and imperfectly recovered her, she clasped her hands, in all the fervor of exceeding piety, and raising her eyes to heaven, blessed her God, for her deliverance from trouble: and a more genuine thanksgiving never ascended the Empyrean!—At the conclusion of her prayer, we placed the shivering, amiable woman, on the ablest horse, and conveyed her to Coldstream, overpowered by the sensations of an excessive joy, succeeding the conflicts of severe duty and the most agonizing woe—what an inspiring



Marshall pinx.t — Scott sculp.t

AN ARABIAN, The Property of M.r STRANGE.

Published Jan.y 1.1797 by J. Wheble Warwick Court

inspiring instance of conjugal tenderness—could Cornelia or Portia have done more?

Read this and reflect, ye beautiful but impure portion of my wedded countrywomen—who wantonly forsake the bliss of sympathy for lawless voluptuousness—whose document breathes hope, but whose principle is misery—who demand happiness, while ye are recreant to virtue, and fatten Civilians for arguments erected upon the basis of your eternal shame!

PORTRAITURE *of a famous* ARABIAN, *the property of* Mr. STRANGE; *from a Painting by that ingenious and promising young artist*, MARSHALL, *of whose merits we have spoken in a former part of our Work.*

THIS capital horse, we will venture to aver, has not its equal in England; it was brought from Arabia, at an expence of *two thousand guineas!* We are not, at present, in possession of any further particulars of this horse. However, it is our intention to endeavour to procure them, which we shall embrace the earliest opportunity in stating. On the merits of the engraving, we have nothing to advance, leaving it entirely to the usual good judgment of our subscribers.

In this place the proprietors congratulate their subscribers in being in possession of the portraitures of so many valuable racers, (presuming the present engraving has no inferior rank among them,) and confidently assert, that no publication, of what nature or extent soever it may be, can boast such an assemblage of beautiful prints in this way, as the SPORTING MAGAZINE. The proprietors beg leave further to inform them, it is their intention in future to display the abilities of their artists, in a greater variety of sporting subjects than has hitherto ever been produced.

SKETCH *of* CHRISTMAS SPORTS *in* ANCIENT TIMES.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following should be considered as in any degree relative to your plan, by inserting it you will confer a considerable obligation on, Gentlemen,

Your constant reader,

Dec. 14, 1796. T. H.

THE season naturally leads us to consider what have been the amusements of other times, and how the joy of our ancestors was expressed at the day of commemoration most important to the Christian world.

Undoubtedly *mysteries* were performed in the churches with the help of the choir and the organ at Christmas, although the great season for such exhibitions appears to have been Whitsuntide. To describe the nature of these pious mixtures of the sublime works of creation and redemption with positive indecency and vulgar jests, would be a waste of time. Yet, such as they were, they no doubt equalled the wishes and informed the minds of a rude people; who, ignorant of letters, and receiving the scriptures only from the clergy, were likely to prefer the document of action and character to the plain and simple precept from the mouth of the preacher.

In the 34th and 35th Henry VIII. cap. 1. However, finding that such interludes were *pestiferous*

rous and *noyſome*, they were under ſevere penalties, prohibited and aboliſhed. Such was the affected regard for decency in a libidinous and ſhameleſs monſter. It is true, the earlier performers of the *creation* were little given to interpolation of any ſort—In the holy fervour of their repreſentations, the perſonators of Adam and Eve were *naked*, and were *not* aſhamed. And ſo totally was every feeling of decency abſorbed in religious duty, that the luſty Monk without ſcandal exhibited in a ſtate of nature, and might not excite a bluſh upon the cheek of the virgin penitent. If in ſuch performances, illicit deſire was kindled by the torch of religion, the tempter himſelf poſſeſſed the healing balm of comfort and abſolution.

In the reign of Elizabeth, they aſſumed another character. A virgin queen infuſed a ſpirit of chivalry into the ſports, and the maſque aroſe out of the ancient myſteries and moralities. But James, her ſucceſſor, although a cultivator of ſuch amuſements, had in one reſpect a taſte which was better gratified by indecent geſture, than the moſt fantaſtic ſports of knighthood. He was by no means of the band—

> "For knightly jeſts and fierce encounters fit."

His queen and her court attended, and performed in exhibitions at which

> "Modeſty hides her face, and the moon winks."

Ben Johnſon was his great caterer in this feaſt, aſſiſted by Inigo Jones, the inventor of ſtage machinery. And rapidly to run over his maſques alone will nearly be ſufficient to decide againſt a change of ſcene having ever previouſly exiſted. The terms of *aſtoniſhment* and *delight*, which are applied to the ſpectators when a ſumptuous palace is changed into a grove, and this grove into "an ugly hell, when as the ſaltiers become demones," ſhew plainly that he had, as he aſſumed, the merit of its original introduction.

What, however, is more to our preſent purpoſe, the poet abovementioned wrote an entertainment called Chriſtmas his Maſque; it was acted at court in the year 1616. *Chriſtmas* himſelf was a principal actor; perhaps your readers may be curious to know how he was dreſſed, and who were his companions. Chriſtmas then was attired in *round hoſe, long ſtockings, a cloſe doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a broach, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white ſhoes; his ſcarffes and garters tyed croſſe, and his drum beaten before him.*

The Names of his Children, with their Attire were as follow:

Miſrule.—In a velvet cap with a ſprig, a ſhort cloak, great yellow ruffe like a reveller, his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheeſe, and a baſket.

Caroll.—A long tawney coat, with a red cap and a flute.

Minced-Pie.—Like a fine cooke's wife dreſt neat.

Gamboll.—Like a tumbler with hoop and bells.

Poſt and *Paire.*—With a paire-royal of [illegible] in his bat His garment all done over with payres and purrs.

New-Years Gift—In a blue coat with an orange and ſprig of roſemarie gilt on his head, his hat full of broaches, with a collar of gingerbread. His torch-bearer carrying Marchpaine, and wine.

Mumming.—In a pied ſuit with a viſor—His torch-bearer carrying the boxe, and ringing it.

Waſſall.—Like a ſimpſter and ſongſter, her page bearing a brown bowle, dreſſed with ribbands and roſemarie.

Offering.—In a ſhort gown with a porter's ſtaffe—a wand and baſon before him.

Babie cake.—Like a boy in a fine long coat, biggin bio, muckender and little dagger, his uſher bearing a cake with a beane and a peaſe.

A Trea-

A TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

(Continued from page 68.)

BUT there is one ſign very particular, and that is, he can ſeldom or never back without diſcovering ſigns of pain. The ſame thing will happen, when a horſe has been wrenched in the back, but then there is no great alteration in the urine, except its being a little higher coloured than ordinary, nor yet do they loſe their appetite or fleſh. When the diſeaſe has continued a conſiderable time, it is attended with all the ſigns of a ſurfeit. When a fever attends a difficulty of ſtaling, it is a ſign of an inflammation of the kidneys.

With regard to the *prognoſtics*, diſeaſes of the kidneys are never without danger, eſpecially when they continue long, and the horſe breaks out into ſcabs and blotches. An inflammation of the kidneys is very dangerous, unleſs taken in time. When a horſe's urine is turbid, and yet comes away without much pain or ſtraining, while the appetite is good, and his eyes are briſk and lively, there is no danger. As alſo, when he ſtales, and the thick ſediment abates by degrees till the urine comes to be of a natural colour. But when the urine is thick and ropy, and full of ulcerous matter or blood, attended with weakneſs and want of appetite, the caſe is dangerous. When the difficulty of ſtaling, and change in the urine, proceed from a cold only, this diſeaſe may be eaſily cured. When the gleeting of the yard is the conſequence of a cold, laxative phyſic and balſamics will carry it off. But as theſe laſt are only a ſymptomatic diſorder, regard muſt always be had to the primary diſeaſe, which ſee.

The cure, as ſoon as the horſe has received any injury, muſt be begun with plentiful bleeding, to prevent an inflammation; and if the hurt is very violent, it muſt be repeated occaſionally. To heal the internal hurt, to cleanſe the kidneys, and to make the urine paſs freely, nothing can be better than the following drench, which muſt be adminiſtered morning and night, when there is no inflammation:

Take Venice turpentine and ſpermaceti, of each half an ounce; of eſſential oil of juniper, thirty drops. Incorporate theſe together, and then mix them with a pint of the following decoction, and two ounces of ſyrup of marſhmallows.

Take of ground ivy and plantane, of each half an ounce: boil them in three pints of water to a quart, and then ſtrain off the liquor.

This is a great deal better than Locatelli's balſam, Iriſh ſlate, &c. which are commonly given; for Locatelli's balſam is nothing but oil, bees-wax, and turpentine coloured with red ſaunders. Gibſon has the following balls:

Take Iriſh ſlate in powder, and ſpermaceti; of ſaltpetre, ſix drams, with a ſufficient quantity of Barbadoes tar, and liquorice powder, and make them into balls. Or,

Take of Locatelli's balſam, an ounce; the powders of Florentine orris and liquorice, of each half an ounce; of ſal prunella, the ſame quantity; of ſpermaceti, ſix drams: make them into balls with the ſyrup of marſhmallows.

Either of theſe are to be given night and morning, till eight or ten of theſe balls are taken, giving a draught

a draught of the following decoction after each dose:

Take of the roots of marsh-mallows, wiped very clean, but not washed,—of roots of parsley and asparagus, wiped and cut into slices, of each two handfuls; coltsfoot and horehound, of each a handful; of liquorice root sliced, an ounce. Boil them in six quarts of barley water to four quarts. When the decoction is poured off and settled, warm the clear, and dissolve it in an ounce of gum tragacanth and a pound of honey. A pint or three half pints is a dose. We have here laid down this method of cure, but the drink recommended before is much better. If the urine should still come away with difficulty, you may dissolve half an ounce of Castile or Alicant soap in each dose, and it will provoke urine more forcibly by dissolving the matter in the kidneys that hinders the secretion.

When the urine is made easily, and in a sufficient quantity, and the horse recovers his strength and vigour, you need do nothing more than give him a laxative purge or two to perfect the cure.

Take of aloes, an ounce; of gum guaiacum and rhubarb, of each half an ounce; of balsam of capivi, a quarter of an ounce: make them into a ball with syrup of balsam.

If, notwithstanding all our endeavours, there is a plentiful discharge of foul turbid urine, with a nasty stinking smell, and a sediment of a dark red or purple colour, it is a sign of an ulcer in the kidneys, and the horse will continually waste till he dies.

OF A SUPPRESSION OF URINE, THE STRANGUARY, AND PISSING OF BLOOD.

Suppression of urine, commonly called the stranguary, may sometimes, though very seldom in horses, arise from a stone, or from an inflammation of the kidneys, or the neck of the bladder. Sometimes it may arise from a congestion of the blood about the neck of the bladder, which may be so distended as to deny a passage to the urine. In some, it may be owing to a spasm or cramp in the neck of the bladder; in others, to a palsy of that part; or from a tumour, abscess, or ulcer in the prostrate gland. When blood descends from the kidneys into the bladder, it coagulates there, and so plugs up the passage.

As therefore the causes of a suppression of urine are various, we ought to distinguish them from each other as well as we can. When there is an inflammation of the kidneys, there is a preternatural heat in the loins, attended with a fever. When there is a stone in the bladder, what urine is made is mixed with a mucus or pus. When there is an inflammation of the neck of the bladder, there is a great heat between the *anus* and the *scrotum*. When there is a cramp in the neck of the bladder, the urine that comes away will have a strong smell. When the urine is obstructed by stones in the kidneys or urethra, the bladder will be empty, and the horse will not so much as strive to stale, nor stand straddling as in other disorders in the urinary passage, when the bladder is full.

When the urine is entirely suppressed, and none at all comes away, the horse's body in a few days will be distended with water, and swelled to a surprising degree; and his skin will be all over blotches, insomuch that, unless we can yield him speedy relief, he must die in a short time. Profuse sweat will alleviate the symptoms.

When there is an inflammation of the kidneys or bladder, or any

of

of the urinary paſſages, you muſt take three pints or two quarts of blood from a vein in the neck or thigh. He muſt have no ſtrong diuretic, but ſuch as are cooling, and which tend to check the febrile heat. Saltpetre may be allowed, and the neutral ſalts, ſuch as vitriolated tartar, with a decoction of parſley roots, ground ivy, marſhmallow roots, and fennel roots.

Take of marſhmallow roots, a pound; of parſley roots, half a pound; of water, a gallon. Boil them to three quarts, and ſtrain off the decoction; then diſſolve in it an ounce of ſaltpetre.

Give the horſe a pint of this liquor, four or five times a day. Likewiſe take three pints of the ſame drink, and diſſolve four ounces of Epſom ſalt in it for a clyſter, to be immediately injected. Or the following:

Take of parſley, aſparagus, and fennel ſeeds, of each half an ounce; of the powder of filipendula, the ſame quantity. Bruiſe the ſeeds, and boil the powder in a pint of white wine, and ſweeten it with honey.

Medicines of ſo hot a nature are preſcribed by ſome writers on this ſubject, that they would have very bad effects in all inflammatory caſes, and greatly exaſperate the diſeaſe; and it will here be neceſſary to ſhew what they are compoſed of, in order that practitioners may judge for themſelves. The following ball has been preſcribed by them, as neceſſary to be applied two or three times the firſt day:

Take of juniper berries pounded, one ounce; ſuccotrine aloes, and ſal prunella in powder, of each a dram; of rectified oil of turpentine, half an ounce; unrectified oil of amber, and chemical oil of juniper, of each two drams; with liquorice powder make them into two balls for one doſe.

Let the clyſter be made with two ounces of Barbadoes aloes; two ounces of turpentine, beat up with the yolk of eggs; nitre bruiſed, four ounces; juniper berries and bay berries bruiſed, of each a handful: let theſe be infuſed in two quarts of a decoction of mallows and marſhmallows, and add a pint of linſeed oil.

Hot medicines, ſuch as theſe, in inflammatory caſes will certainly do more harm than good. A man, ſome time ago, had a ſtoppage of urine from an inflammation of the kidneys; and ſome buſy body adviſed him to take oil of turpentine, which he did with ſuch an effect, that he ſoon became frantic, and was forced to be held down in his bed by two men. He was with much difficulty brought to himſelf again with bleeding and nitrous medicines.

The above medicines may be of uſe when the horſe is not feveriſh, and when the paſſages are plugged up by a ſluggiſh matter that will admit being diſſolved: but even in ſuch caſes the beſt remedy is ſoap, which may be diſſolved in ſome of the above drink, and given him as a drench; for liquid medicines, in theſe caſes, are to be preferred to balls.

When the deſign of giving a clyſter is merely to promote urine and allay ſpaſms, then

Take two quarts of a pretty ſtrong decoction of camomile flowers, and diſſolve two ounces of ſaltpetre therein; then take four ounces of Venice turpentine, and incorporate it with the yolks of eggs, and mix it with the liquor: afterwards add half a pint of linſeed oil, and mix them for a clyſter.

When the parts designed for the secretion of urine are cold and benumbed, then the hot medicines will be of use; and the following poultice may be laid to his loins:

Take of mustard seed pounded small, or mustard ready made, a pint; of garlick, six heads; of camphire, two ounces; of soap, enough to bring them to the consistence of a poultice.

This is a very penetrating composition, and may reach the cause of the complaint, and if it should raise a blister, it will be never the worse; nay, in inflammatory cases, it may be the better. However, when you are certain the kidneys or the adjacent parts are inflamed, it will be the best to rub some blistering ointment well into the loins, or about the region of the kidneys, because that will be the speediest method of removing the cause, by drawing off the peccant matter. If after the blister any signs of the stranguary should appear, it may be removed by dissolving gum arabic in water, and giving some of it pretty often; or by the decoction of marshmallows made pretty strong. The poultice may be spread upon flannel, and laid to the part, and then bound on with another piece over that. It may be renewed once in two days till the horse stales freely.

When an inflammation of the kidneys turns to an abscess, which may be known by purulent and bloody urine, two drams of calomel, as advised by some, can be of no use. But two ounces of bole armoniac, or French bole, given every morning in new milk, is likely to do good, not only in ulcers of the kidneys, but pissing of blood from any other cause. When one kidney only is ulcerated, while the other remains sound, the horse may do slight work for some time, but can never undergo any hard labour.

When an *inflammation of the bladder* is the cause of a suppression of the urine, the horse will make frequent motions to stale, but cannot; their hinder legs stand wide and straddling; their flanks are distended; they often lie down and roll on their backs. These symptoms are always attended with a fever when there is an inflammation. The fever always indicates bleeding, after which he may have the following drench:

Take of balsam of capivi, an ounce; incorporate it with the yolk of an egg, and mix it with an ounce of spermaceti. When these are well rubbed together, add six drams of saltpetre, half a pint of water, half a pint of sallad oil, and a quartern of compound horse-raddish water.

This must be given immediately, and if the horse is not relieved, repeat it again every two hours till he is relieved. Three doses generally will abate symptoms of this kind, and render the horse easy.

When a horse *pisses blood*, and it comes away suddenly without mixture, it is a sign it proceeds from the kidneys. But if the blood is small in quantity, and of a dark colour, with or without purulent matter, it comes from the bladder. When the ureters are hurt by a rough stone, a small quantity of blood will be mixed with the urine, and there will be a difficulty of staling. When the coats of the bladder are hurt by a stone, so as to cause a little blood to come away, the horse will discover great signs of pain.

All bloody urine has some degree of danger; but it is most so, when mixed with any quantity of purulent matter.

(To be continued.)

DRA-

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS,

In Continuation from the WAY TO GET MARRIED, *a Comedy. See* *page* 83, *in our Last.*

Interview between Allſpice, Daſhall, *and* Clementina.

Allſpice.

AH, Daſhall! Glad to ſee you. Ecod, you look comical tho'. Why, Dick, either your head or mine muſt be deviliſhly out of faſhion—

Daſh. Why, friend Toby, yours is more on the grand pas to be ſure. But very little head, you ſee, ſerves people of faſhion. So—there's the thirty thouſand pounder, I ſuppoſe. I ſay, Toby, who is that elegant creature?

Allſp. 'Tis my daughter. Don't you remember Cleme!

Daſh. *(addreſſing her)* You're an angel!

Allſp. Go, Cleme, and look after the people—To day, I give grand—ga ga—

Clem. Gala, pa! I've told you the name twenty times—

Allſp. Confound it! Gala then.

Clem. Sir, your moſt devoted.

Daſh. I adore you.

Clem. Oh, ſir! *(ſimpering)*

Daſh. To diſtraction, damme. *(looking through a glaſs)*

Clem. I vow you confuſe me in ſuch a ſtyle. [*Exit.*

Daſh. Oh, I ſee that account's ſetted—*(looking after her)* and now for the father. Oh, how does it tell? *(looks at Allſp. thro' a glaſs)*

Allſp. What, that's the knowing, is it? *(imitating)*

Daſh. To be ſure. But, Toby, how did you come on at the courts?

Allſp. Oh, capitally. I made a ſpeech.

Daſh. A ſpeech?

Allſp. Yes, I did. Sam Smuggle, you muſt know, was found guilty of taking a falſe oath at the Cuſtom Houſe; ſo the judge order'd me to put Sam in the pillory. "An pleaſe you, my lord judge," ſays I, "I'd rather not." "Why ſo, Mr. Sheriff?" "Becauſe, my lord," ſays I, "Sam Smuggle, no more than a month ago, paid me 37l. 18s. 11d. as per ledger, and I make it a rule never to diſoblige a cuſtomer"—Then they all laughed—So you ſee I came off pretty well.

Daſh. Capitally. But an't you tired of this ſneaking retailing?

Allſp. Oh, yes, ſometimes of a Saturday—*Market day.*

Daſh. 'Tis a vile paltry bore. What do you make by this raffiſh ſhop of yours?

Allſp. Oh, a great deal. Laſt year 1745l. odd money.

Daſh. Contemptible! my clerk wou'd deſpiſe it. Why, in a ſingle monopoly I've touch'd ten times the ſum.

Allſp. Monopoly?

Daſh. To be ſure—the way we knowing ones thrive. You remember that on ſugar—a firſt rate thing, was it not?—diſtreſſed the whole town—made them take the worſt commodity at the beſt price: netted fifteen thouſand pounds by that.

Allſp. Why, I turned the penny by that myſelf.

Daſh. Turned the penny! be adviſed by me, and you ſhall turn thouſands, —ay, and overturn thouſands.

Allſp. Shall I tho'? but did you ſell all that ſugar yourſelf?

Daſh. I ſell! never ſaw a loaf. No, my way is this—I generally take my firſt clerk a hunting with me; and when the hounds are at fault, we arrange theſe little matters.

Allſp. How free and eaſy! oh, you muſt be glorioufly rich.

Daſh.

Dash. I won't tell my circumstances just now.

Allsp. Oh you're sly—you've your reasons.

Dash. I have. I'm very expensive in my women tho'.

Allsp. Ah! mothers and sisters extravagant?

Dash. Mothers and sisters! no, no—Curse me if I know how they carry on the war. Take in the flats at faro I suppose. No, I mean, the girls.

Allsp. What! not concubines, do you?

Dash. To be sure. But perhaps you don't like the girls, eh?

Allsp. Oh but I do tho'—I'll tell you a melancholy secret. Do you know that people in the country are so precise, and talk so about character, that, my dear friend, in the particular you mentioned, I am a very unhappy man.

Dash. Oh, is it there I have you? then come to town, my gay fellow, enjoy affluence and pleasure, and make a splash.

Allsp. Ecod, I shou'd like it. Even talking about it, gives me a kind of swaggering, agreeable feel: and then the girls—the pretty profligates!

Dash. Aye, you shall have my Harriet.

Allsp. Shall I? I'll do all I can to make her happy, yes, I will; and if she likes almonds and raisins, she shall have—

Dash. Almonds and raisins! pearls and diamonds!

Allsp. Yes; but how am I to get them?

Dash. You've heard of the Alley?

Allsp. Yes; but I don't understand it. Bulls and bears——

Dash. I'll make you up to all—Cons—Rescounters, short stuff, bonus, backwardation, omnium gatherum—

Allsp. Aye; and what's being a lame duck?

Dash. I'll shew you the way to be that too. I'll teach you the true waddle—let you into twenty good things besides. We knowing ones have form'd a most capital plan for starving the nation.

Allsp. Aye, but you forget that other knowing ones have formed a capital plan for preventing the starving of the nation.

Dash. Still I've a resource.

Allsp. Have you? egad, you're a clever fellow.

Dash. Come here.—If corn market don't answer, ship it coastwise—insure it—vessel leaky—'stress of weather—come to an anchor—cut out by an enemy's privateer—all settled before hand—receive value of cargo there—touch insurance at home—do them both ways—knowing scheme—The inventors will be immortal.

Allsp. *(aside)* And if I had my will, they should be immortal in a week. Supply an enemy! dam'me if I do that.

Dash. Oh, ho! bad voyage this, I must about ship.

Allsp. I love money dearly, and I love the pretty girls, but——

Dash. And Harriet will adore you.

Allsp. Oh, do you say so? I tell you what I'll do—I'll start gallant to day—I'll make a splash among the ladies at my—what's the name on't?

Dash. Gala. But you must get rid of that porcupine frizzle. You must be cropt in this way.

Allsp. Bless you, I've plenty of hair under my wig.

Dash. That's lucky *(aside)*—So—I've got him pretty tight in hand.

Allsp. You'll see how I'll ogle and swagger. Come along! Oh, Toby's the boy to tickle them.

Allſpice *enters from the gala, his hair cropt, a full-dreſs coat on—hunting clerk—monopoly of muffs and tippets, &c.*

Allſp. Well, here I am—as gay a daſher as the beſt of you—ſnug about the head, eh?

Daſh. But what a quiz of a coat you've on!

Allſp. Don't you like it? it was my grandfather's.

Daſh. Your dinner was ſtyliſh, faith.

Allſp. Very; but it had one little fault. There was nothing to eat—grottoes, trees, fountains, ſweetmeat ſhepherdeſſes, and buttered Cupids in plenty,—nothing elſe. I ſhou'd have been half ſtarved, had I not luckily looked over my ſhoulder, and there beheld my old friend, the honoured ſirloin, on the ſideboard—I could have cried to ſee him ſo diſgraced; but I ordered him to be conducted to the top of the table, and the muſic to ſtrike up "Oh the Roaſt Beef of Old England!" and, then, how I ogled the girls, and how they titter'd at me! women give a man's ideas ſo elegant a turn. I'm as much above what I was, as a hogſhead is to a butter firkin.

Daſh. Butter firkin! curſe it, and ſink it, Toby, talk like a gentleman. But, I ſay, you ſeem a little damaged.

Allſp. Yes; funny, an't I? I got hold of a little bottle, ſuch as they put ketchup in—by the bye I can ſell you ſome very fine ketchup, if you want any—It was deviliſh good, yoyeo they call it.

Daſh. Yoyeo! pſha! noyau.

Allſp. Well, well, noyau. Egad, when I found it coſt a guinea, and that I was to pay for it—I drank it all every drop.

Daſh. A guinea! bagatelle! I'll put you in a way to drink it every day.

Allſp. How, my dear friend?

Daſh. I've had a letter from my clerk.

Allſp. Your hunting clerk?

Daſh. Yes; he has a ſcheme of buying up furs, by which 100 per cent. muſt be made in a month.—A trifle—five thouſand—will do; but at preſent my caſh is here and there. Indeed at this moment I can't exactly tell you where it is. But if you ſhould like it——

Allſp. You would not have me lay out five thouſand pounds in muffs and tippets, wou'd you?

Daſh. Five thouſand! I've ſpeculated deeper in darning needles.—But you have not the caſh?

Allſp. Yes but I have tho'—that ſum in the houſe too—I intended to buy with it half an eſtate valued at ten thouſand pounds.

Daſh. Then defer the purchaſe one month, and I'll engage you ſhall buy the whole.

Allſp. Oh charming! ah, but ſhould it fail—

Daſh. But it can't fail—if it do, then blame me.

Allſp. That's enough.

Daſh. All you will have to do, will be to come to town in a month, and hug your ten thouſand pounds, as ſure as the ſweet Harriet will hug you.

Allſp. Oh the pretty one! That has fixed me. When the company is gone, I'll give you bank notes to the amount;—and tell your hunting clerk, if he'll make the five thouſand ten, I'll give him a guinea. Oh, what a rich, jolly dog I ſhall be! let's go and have another touch at the little bottle,—another guinea's worth—damn the expence! and drink confuſion to retailing, and Harriet's health in a bumper! "Lovely Nymph," &c.

[*Exit ſinging.*

Daſh. If this is'nt doing it, the devil's in it, ha, ha! I've bother'd the daughter, and tickled old Cauſtic

tic in a capital ſtyle,—that's a dead thirty thouſand,—Humbugg'd the old one here out of five, and ſhall carry off the nice girl to a certainty. What a ſplaſh I ſhall make along Cheapſide! what a ſwagger I ſhall cut at Lloyd's! how the city bucks will ſtare, and, may be, dreſs at me. And then we ſhall have Birmingham Daſhalls, as well as Birmingham Dukes. Oh, I'm a neat article! [*Exit.*

FRIENDLY BARTER *in* HORSE-FLESH.

"Sed caveat emptor."

AT the late Reſeley Hill fair, near Carliſle, a London rider there, ycleped *a Cockney Bagman*, was conſtrained to remount his charge, from the accident of his *Job* pegaſus being unable farther to pad the hoof. His ſkill in ſtabularian traffic being inadequate to the artifices of northern jockeyſhip, rendered him fearful of an *over-reach*, and created wonderful qualms in choice, at length he riſked his dealing with a quaker, under the *puritanic* hope of being honeſtly done by. The bargain ſtruck, the *ponies poſted*, the horſe delivered, and all preliminaries of bargain and ſale adjuſted and confirmed, the man of ORDERS was anxiouſly deſirous to know if the horſe had any and what faults, when his chapman *Aminadab*, candidly anſwered, he knew of no more than *three* the beaſt had,—that his memory was ſhort—his faith was weak—and yea verily his underſtanding was bad. The purchaſer grew anxious to have theſe myſterious matters expounded, whom the quaker ſatisfied *clearly* to his comprehenſion, ſolving the problems thus: "That the horſe's memory is ſhort, implies," quoth he, "that the beaſt is ſo extremely dull when you give him one ſtripe, he forgets it before you can give him another,—his faith is weak, becauſe he never believes he has any one upon his back, until he has thrown him down to be convinced of his rider—and thirdly and laſtly, that his underſtanding is bad, you will ſoon find out, for his fore feet are ſo very defective and tender, that he is continually falling down, to the great annoyance and danger of the life, neck, and limbs, of every one who rides him."

WESTMORIA.

Ambleſide, Martinmas, 1796.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING made it a conſtant practice to take in your very agreeable and intereſting Magazine, and as I have not ſeen the following circumſtance mentioned, if you think it worthy a place in your miſcellany, you will very much oblige Yours,

Windſor, J. B. R. O.
Dec. 20, 1796.

A match was made, ſome time ago, between Hockley, (the game-keeper of Sir Robert Hervey, of Langley Park, Bucks,) and another famous ſhot, to ſhoot pigeons for a conſiderable wager, when, after having killed an equal number of birds, a brace of pigeons remained to be ſhot at, which were to decide the wager. Hockley's adverſary ſhot firſt, and brought down his bird. Hockley then ſhot, and wounded his bird ſeverely; it flew, however, to the railing that bounded the 100 yards, and there ſettled. Each party were kept awhile in uncertainty, when having wavered for ſome time, it fell on the outſide of the boundary ſtone, dead, and decided the wager againſt Hockley, who at the beginning had the odds in his favour.

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Extraordinary INSTANCES *of* LONG ABSTINENCE, *particularly in the* BRUTE CREATION.

AMONG the brute creation, we ſee extraordinary inſtances of long abſtinence. The ſerpent kind, in particular, bear abſtinence to a wonderful degree. We have ſeen rattle-ſnakes that had ſubſiſted many months without any food, yet ſtill retained their vigour and fierceneſs. Dr. Shaw ſpeaks of a couple of ceraſtes, (a ſort of Ægyptian ſerpents,) which had been kept five years in a bottle cloſe corked, without any ſort of food, unleſs a ſmall quantity of ſand wherein they coiled themſelves up in the bottom of the veſſel may be reckoned as ſuch: yet, when he ſaw them, they had newly caſt their ſkins, and were as briſk and lively as if juſt taken. But it is even natural for divers ſpecies to paſs four, five, or ſix months, every year, without either eating or drinking. Accordingly, the tortoiſe, bear, dormouſe, ſerpent, &c. are obſerved regularly to retire, at thoſe ſeaſons, to their reſpective cells, and hide themſelves, ſome in the caverns of rocks or ruins; others dig holes under ground; others get into woods, and lay themſelves up in the clefts of trees; others bury themſelves under water, &c. And theſe animals are found as fat and fleſhy after ſome months abſtinence as before. Sir G. Ent weighed his tortoiſe ſeveral years ſucceſſively, at its going to earth in October, and coming out again in March; and found that, of four pounds four ounces, it uſed only to loſe about one ounce. Indeed, we have inſtances of men paſſing ſeveral months as ſtrictly abſtinent as other creatures. In particular, the records of the Tower mention a Scotchman impriſoned for felony, and ſtrictly watched in that fortreſs for ſix weeks; in all which time he took not the leaſt ſuſtenance; for which he had his pardon.

It is to be added, that, in moſt inſtances of extraordinary human abſtinence related by naturaliſts, there were ſaid to have been apparent marks of a texture of blood and humours much like that of the animals above-mentioned.—Though it is no improbable opinion, that the air itſelf may furniſh ſomething for nutrition; it is certain, there are ſubſtances of all kinds, animal, vegetable, &c. floating in the atmoſphere, which muſt be continually taken in by reſpiration. And that an animal body may be nouriſhed thereby, is evident in the inſtance of vipers; which, if taken when firſt brought forth, and kept from every thing but air, will yet grow very conſiderably in a few days. So the eggs of lizards are obſerved to increaſe in bulk, after they are produced, though there be nothing to furniſh the increment but air alone; in like manner as the eggs or ſpawn of fiſhes grow and are nouriſhed with the water. And hence, ſay ſome, it is that cooks, turnſpit-dogs, &c. though they eat but little, yet are uſually fat.

GAMING HOUSES.

THE KING *v.* MILLER.

SATURDAY, November 26, a caſe was tried in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Kenyon, the King againſt Miller, for keeping a gaming houſe.

When this caſe was called on, Mr. Erſkine, on the part of the defendant, ſaid, that he was ready to

to consent that his client should be convicted on this indictment.

Lord Kenyon said he must hear the evidence.

Mr. Raine opened the pleadings. The indictment charged that the defendant, Thomas Miller, kept a common gaming-house, to which he had pleaded not guilty.

Mr. Garrow said, he congratulated the jury and the publick, that the regular form of proceedings in his lordship's judgment, and certainly nothing could be more correct, did not justify in this case a verdict of guilty being entered up without some evidence being laid before them, who were to decide on that question. He congratulated them that they were about to administer the justice of the country, by removing this alarming and most dreadful nuisance. The defendant was the keeper of a gaming-house of the very first rate in this great city. He had kept a house of this description for several years past, and had derived an income from it, which he should take the liberty to state from himself. From the judgment he would receive in the course of the next term, he and other persons of greater consideration, who had in this respect violated the laws of the land, would find this a very dangerous trade, and though they might think to evade the justice of the country, they could not at last elude it; and punishment, though late, would reach them some day or another. He should prove out of the mouth of this defendant, who had been before the inferior jurisdictions for the purpose of keeping down this dangerous nuisance, though not always equal to the task—he should prove that he said that 2000l. a year was too good a thing to be given up; and that with respect to Lord Kenyon's threat of the pillory, he did not care a farthing for it. He said it was immaterial whether the defendant kept what was called a fair gaming-house or not; he should prove that, not contented with that pillage on the public which arose from the game of hazard, the defendant, on one particular occasion, stripped a young man of seventy guineas, who came into his house extremely intoxicated; the profits of this trade were immense; there was what they called the box-hands, that is, if a person threw three times together successfully, he gave one silver piece to the use of the house. The defendant received seven or eight of these pieces in an hour, and he changed seven of them for one guinea. He should shew that in many instances when people had been pillaged by unfair play of every shilling they had in the world, the defendant instantly became a pawn-broker, and took in little wretched articles of wearing apparel. Some, after pawning the wretched shirts off their backs, were sent out without any reluctance into the streets, without any thing to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. This defendant, as he had before said, had been before other jurisdictions, where the cries against what were called informers, had been thought sufficient instantly to dismiss it without any further inquiry into the subject. His learned friend, Mr. Balley, had had the mortification of hearing it said, "the witness is not bound to answer that question; and if he takes my advice, he will not answer it." When the witnesses were asked severally, "have you seen others playing in that house?" they would give no answer to that ques-

question. A man was not bound to criminate himself; but how was justice to get at these hot-beds of vice? His learned friend was too well acquainted with the rules of law, and too humane a man, to ask a witness any improper question. The learned counsel hoped that sort of thing would not happen again at those inferior jurisdictions. He hoped that witnesses would be fully examined as to the guilt of others, though not to criminate themselves. Mr. Miller, and his partner, Mr. Liston, had returned from the inferior court in triumph home to their gaming-table. If ever that should happen again, he said, he should certainly move for leave to file a criminal information against certain persons.

Lord Kenyon—"They are very fit objects of prosecution; the morals and happiness of individuals are extremely concerned in checking this nuisance."

The learned counsel said, his client, who had brought this business before the public, was John Shepherd, an attorney of that court. Mr. S. had been robbed, which was the reason of his first going to the defendant's house, where some of his property was found; and he said, if he had been consulted in an earlier stage of this business, he should have advised the defendant to be prosecuted as a receiver of stolen goods. He was sure the jury, under the sanction of his lordship, would be happy to give effect to this prosecution, which essentially promoted the most important interests of the public.

Mr. Shepherd was here examined. He said, he was an attorney, and, on the 10th of December last, was at the defendant's house, at No. 4, Leicester-street, Leicester-square. He saw the game of hazard played in that house, and Miller gave change to the persons who came there to play. He gave eight silver medals for a guinea: his name was upon them: they resembled half-crown pieces. He believed eight of them were worth about 17s. 6d. He would not take any pieces but his own. Every person who was three times successful together, paid Miller one of these pieces for the box-hands. He might receive six or seven of them in the course of an hour. Those people who frequented the house always played for a considerable sum: sometimes 20l. or 30l. depended on a single throw. He remembered being once at Miller's, about three or four o'clock in the morning, when a gentleman came in very much in liquor: he seemed to have a great deal of money about him. Miller said, "I did not mean to play, but now I'll set-to with this fellow." Miller scraped a little wax with his finger off one of the candles, and put the dice together, so that they came seven every way. He then dropped them into the box, and threw them out, and afterwards drew all the money away, saying he had won it. Seven was the *main*, and he could not throw any thing but seven. The young man said, he had not given him time to *bar*. A dispute arose between Miller and him. It was referred to two or three persons who were at the table, and they gave it in favour of Miller. The young man said, he had lost upwards of 70l. Miller said, "We have cleaned him." Shepherd said, he did not take notice of that circumstance at the time, or he should have had his head broke, or been thrown out of the window. He had seen a man pawn his watch and ring in several in-

 stances;

ſtances; and he once ſaw a man pawn his coat, and go away without it. When theſe articles were offered to be pawned, Liſton would ſay, "I do not underſtand the value of theſe things ſo well as Miller;" and he would then call Miller. The defendant had many times offered him a ſum of money, to take this buſineſs up, and had preſſed him very much to do it. Miller ſaid, he did not care much for the event, though Lord Kenyon had threatened to put any body in the pillory who was convicted of this offence. Every perſon who knew him, would know what it was for. He did not care for thoſe who did not know him; and there was no diſgrace in ſtanding in the pillory for ſuch a thing. He could ſpare 500l. out of his coffers without being miſſed. After his gaming-table had been broken, in conſequence of a ſearch warrant from Bow-ſtreet, the defendant ſaid it was too good a thing to be given up, and inſtantly got another table, large enough for twenty or thirty people to ſit about. The people that came there played till day-light, and on one or two occaſions they played all the next day, and when he (Shepherd) returned in the evening, Miller ſaid, "Some of the people are ſtill here who came laſt night. They ſtick to it rarely." They were furniſhed with wine and ſuppers in abundance, by the defendant, *gratis*. The houſe was open on a Sunday as well as other days. Sunday was a grand day. A ſearch-warrant was executed on a Sunday, at the defendant's houſe. He had ſeen more than forty people there at a time. The table could not contain them, and it was a common thing to offer half a crown for a ſeat. They could not all play at once; but ſome of them looked over the backs of others, and betted. He ſaid, he had not taken down the date of the time when a man had pawned his coat and went away without it; but that man was in court, and his name was Smith.

Mr. Smith was here examined, and confirmed the evidence of the laſt witneſs. He ſaid he had ſeen a perſon, after he had ſpent all his money, which was only trifling, throw off his coat and go away without it, after he had loſt it: there was excellent fare furniſhed by the defendant, and no ſtint of wine. The entrance to the houſe was by ringing a bell. A perſon ſtood on the outſide of the door to prevent any perſon whom he did not know from entering; and when the bell was rung, if the perſon who was on the outſide of the door gave a proper ticket to the man who opened it, the perſon who rang the bell was inſtantly admitted. There was a good ſtrong inner door, capable of a pretty ſtout reſiſtance. He did not know that there was any trap-door, through which the company could retire, in caſe the officers of juſtice demanded admiſſion.

Mr. Erſkine ſaid, the reaſon why he, as counſel for the defendant, had expreſſed his willingneſs to conſent that a verdict of guilty, ſhould be recorded againſt him, was, that he could not oppoſe, by evidence, the charge in the indictment that he kept a gaming-houſe. But as to his being guilty of fraudulent gaming, or that he uſed loaded dice, the defendant had inſtructed him to ſay, that ſuch an imputation was ſcandalous and falſe. Whatever he had to alledge in mitigation of puniſhment, he would be at liberty to lay before the court, when he was brought up to receive that judg-

judgment which was discretionary and in the breast of the court.

Lord Kenyon.—" Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the evidence in this case, which is so extremely full, that you are bound to find the defendant guilty.

The jury immediately found him GUILTY.

Said his lordship—" Mr. Shepherd, by giving evidence, has performed an important duty to the public, but this duty does not stop here. I hope and expect that this prosecution will not be compounded, but that the defendant will be brought up to receive the judgment of the court. If the conduct of any magistrate has been improper,—if any witness has been brow-beat or improperly treated, as being an informer, and his evidence considered as inadmissible in a court of justice, whether such a thing has happened from corruption or ignorance, I cannot state; but if any thing of this kind is done hereafter, I know Mr. Garrow will keep his word with the public if he can; and if any such persons are brought for judgment before me, I shall hand up their names to the Lord Chancellor, who, I know, will strike them out of the commission of the peace."

For the Sporting Magazine.

INSTRUCTIONS *to form an Accomplished* JUVENILE FOX-HUNTER.

ENDEAVOUR to inculcate an idea, wherever you go, that riding *hard* and riding *bold* are the only things on earth to excite attention; that they are the leading qualifications to acquire pre-eminence, and in fact that there is no pleasure *but the chace* that a *sensible* man can engage in with consistency. Hold it forth to your servants as a matter of the utmost magnitude, and confirm this by the orders of the preceding evening, that the whole house may be in *early* confusion and strict preparation in the morning. If you possess a horse not worth *twenty pounds*, or the least entitled to the appellation of a hunter, (" affect a dignity, if you have it not,") let him be ordered in waiting at the place of *throwing off*; to which, after leaving the hands of your *hairdresser*, and a comfortable breakfast-table, you come dashing upon a *ten-pound hack*; here it is necessary you ride up with the most *unbounded effrontery*, and survey every part of the company with the most *ineffable contempt*; exchange your horse, adjust your apparatus, and ask your servant (although he may be only so *for the day)* a thousand questions of no other import than to render yourself conspicuous. When the hounds are thrown into covert, and every experienced sportsman is in *silent* agitation for the first challenge, it will be *your* particular care to become the only subject of *vociferation*, by unnecessary remarks, or futile observations; be sure to gallop from one extremity of the covert to the other, when the hounds have *good drag*, and are likely to find: so soon as they *unkennel*, fix yourself at the most likely spot for the FOX to *break*, because you will not only have the pleasure of *heading* him, but probably the happiness of *a view*, and this you may do with the strictest attention to your *love* of *the sport*, because the longer he remains in the covert where he is found, the longer you will insure the satisfaction of *hearing the hounds*. If he luckily should avoid being *mobbed to death* by you and your fraternity, and is

is so fortunate as to *break away*, it becomes your duty to lay as well as you can with the hounds; but when (as it may frequently happen) you find the horses of *others* have more speed, or are better leapers than *your own*, vociferate "Hold hard! — hold hard!" with the most violent and Stentorian dictation. This will give a decided proof of your consequence, (particularly if you are a *subscriber* to the *pack*,) and will intimidate the *pusillanimous* to let you get before them; by which stroke of policy you in part carry your point, and become a *leading* sportsman of the first description, at least in your *own opinion*.

Take a great number of *unnecessary* leaps in the course of the day, not only to prove your courage, but your *humanity* also, by such a display of *attentive tenderness* to your *favourite* horse. However you may have been *accidentally* behind, make a point of coming up in the midst of a dirty country, or watery lane, by almost smothering those you pass with dirt or water; you become an object of general attraction; whether exciting *smiles* of *approbation*, or *frowns* of *contempt*, the experience will best convince you. Wherever you may happen to be at *the death*, take care to have given the huntsman or whippers-in, a *previous* hint that you have particular occasion *for the brush*, (or at any rate *a pad*,) for which they shall receive the customary gratuity.

After the chace, *bore* all your friends for some days with its incredible length and innumerable difficulties,—"what hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach," and how very much you had rendered yourself an object of admiration.

Having implanted in memory these leading traits of instruction, you shall in due time receive additional hints for the proper treatment of *landlords*, *waiters*, *chambermaids*, and *ostlers*.

TONY LUMPKIN.

Dec. 7, 1796.

EXTRA SPORTING.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING.

IGBOROW,

Monday, November 14, 1796.

NO matches.

WESTACRE,

Tuesday, 15*th*.

Mr. Whittington's General won against Mr. Woodley's Westacre, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Whittington's Grenadier, agst Mr. Holt's Bardolph, 1 and 1 bye, undecided.

Mr. Hamond's Puppy won agst Mr. Coppin's Puppy, 1 gui.

Mr. Hamond's Quaver won agst Mr. Crowe's (Brown) So-So, 1 gui.

Mr. Coppin's Una won agst Mr. Whittington's Grace, 1 gui.

SMEE,

Wednesday, 16*th*.

Mr. Forby's Zanga won agst Mr. Hare's Rake, 1 gui.

Mr. Whittington's Gertrude, agst Mr. Micklethwaite's Jerry, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Forby's Zelander won agst Mr. Hare's Racket, 1 gui.

Mr. Whittington's Go-bye won agst Mr. Woodley's Wrestler, 1 gui.

N. B. The other matches off, on account of the heavy rain.

2d SMEE,

Thursday, 17*th*.

Snow and rain so extraordinary, no matches could be run.

2d WESTACRE,

Friday, 18*th*.

Mr. Hamond's Quaver won agſt Mr. Pottinger's Dumplin, 1 gui.

Mr. Pottinger's Drone won agſt Mr. Hamond's Quibus, 1 gui.

N. B. The other matches off, on account of the rain.

Saturday, 19*th*.

No matches.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BY inſerting the following, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Windſor, Dec. 4, 1796.

THE following extraordinary chace took place, a few days ago, near this place:—A bag fox was turned out before the hounds of Mr. Caius Briggs, who, proceeding in a ſtrait line, paſſed through the villages of Stoke Birnham and Upton; then ſtriking off ſuddenly to the right, paſſed the park of Lord Buley, at Ditton, and croſſed the Thames juſt below Datchet; ſoon after which, it cleared a ſtone wall ſix feet high, which entirely checked all the ſportſmen, except Mr. Caius Briggs, J. Floud, Eſq. and the huntſman, who continued the chace till they came to a ſmall thicket about a mile from Egham, where the fox retired into a hole, about arm's length deep, and kept all the hounds at bay; the huntſman was diſpatched for a ſpade, but he being gone a long time, Mr. Briggs, with that impetuoſity which marks his temper, thruſt his arm in to preſerve the fox, who ſeized him by the hand; not minding this, Mr. Briggs ſtill kept his hold, and, to the aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators, drew out the fox, and he was bagged for another day's ſport.

I am ſorry to add, that Mr. Briggs's hand was ſo much lacerated, that it is the opinion of the ſurgeons it muſt be amputated; and what makes it more provoking, is, that Mr. Briggs was remarkable for a beautiful hand.

OBSERVATIONS *on the Conduct of* GROOMS *and* COACHMEN; *from* "*Taplin's Multum in Parvo.*"

(Concluded from page 78.)

"HORSES kept in good ſtile," continues the author, "ſhould never have their cuſtomary cloathing reduced but with the ſtricteſt care and attention; the *internal* air of a ſtable ſhould be regulated, and its temperature preſerved, entirely by the *ſtate* of the *ſeaſon*, (or in other words the SEASON of the YEAR,) and external air ſhould never be additionally admitted in *cold* or *chilling* winds, but with the greateſt circumſpection; as it is to be remembered, it is not the admiſſion of ſuch air in *itſelf alone* by which the injury is ſuſtained, but by the *contraſt* it conſtitutes, when oppoſed to the *previous warmth* of the ſtable and the conſequent relaxation of the porous ſyſtem to which we have juſt had occaſion to advert.

"Upon the face of this fact, and to ſtrengthen the argument in queſtion, it is natural to purſue the ſame mode of reaſoning, and take a ſuperficial ſurvey of an almoſt invariable cuſtom with SERVANTS in *general*, but without any intentional offence to the feelings of parties, we may venture to go one ſtep farther, and ſay COACHMEN in *particular*, and that perhaps more univerſally in the ſtable yards of the METROPOLIS, than

than in *every other* part of the kingdom.

"The class we now treat of, however *just* they may be in their PRINCIPLES—however *punctual* they may be in the performance of the TRUST assigned them—however they may be attached to the *interest* of their EMPLOYERS, or however intentionally *tender* and *careful* they may be of their HORSES, yet they are unthinkingly in error even in the first motion of the morning. Totally unmindful of the *great heat* of their stables during *the night*, the doors are thrown open at day-break, (regardless of even *frost or snow*,) and so continue during the whole ceremony of "*mucking out*" and carrying away *the dung*, if not with the additional delay likewise of *stripping* and *dressing* into the bargain.

"That the measure of *indiscretion* may be complete, the ceremony not unfrequently terminates by the *salutary* interposition of a *three* or *four* gallon pail of *hard cold* water from the PUMP in the MEWS; immediately after which, a nice or judicious observer may perceive

"——Each particular hair to stand on end,
"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

"This prevailing practice has beyond the shadow of doubt frequently laid the foundation of various ills, not one of which were ever attributed to the right cause. Such an accumulation of *chilling frigidity* immediately succeeding the extreme heat of the night, has often produced diseases *without end*, at least those which *ended* only with *life*.—COLDS—COUGHS—FEVER (original or symptomatic)—INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS—BAD EYES—BROKEN WIND—SWELLED LEGS—CRACKED HEELS—DROPSY in the *chest*, with a long list of *et ceteras*, or even DEATH itself, may be derived from circumstances that in themselves appear so *trifling*,—yet they prove to be circumstances of such magnitude, as would instantly appeal to the feelings of any rational and humane man looking after his *own* horse; but in the present age of *duplicity* and *deception*, is little likely to affect the *sensibility* of those looking after the horses of *others*.

"Having taken such slight survey of, and made such oblique remarks upon these inconsistencies, as become directly applicable to the point in question, let us for one moment advert to the *unequivocal* reason why the horses of SOME people are never without *swelled legs* or *cracked heels* from the beginning to the end of a *wet* and *dirty* season, (as if the very stables were *infectious*,) while on the contrary horses in the possession of OTHERS, shall never be found with either for *twenty years* together.

"Let us ask the question of *truth* or of *experience*, and we shall be most authentically assured of the fact, that these *defects*, *disquietudes*, (or even what you please,) are found only in stables where the master seldom or ever condescends to *obtrude* his presence, or to superintend the *manual dexterity* of his GROOM; the elasticity of whose *joints*, and persevering pliability of whose *hands*, are the truest and most infallible *preventative* to cracked heels and swelled legs, of any *nostrum* yet introduced to practice. And those who are so truly unfortunate as to encounter *these ills*, must not (as is too much the custom) attribute them to *a defect* in the constitution of the horse, but to a want of *constitutional steadiness* elsewhere, that

in

in its palpable defect 'denotes a foregone conclusion.'

"Horses left with *wet legs* and *heels* after a *chace* or *journey*, particularly in sharp easterly winds, or in frost and snow, constitute the evil to a certainty. So severe a rigidity is occasioned (if I may so term it) in the texture of the integuments, that it becomes partially ruptured or broken in various places, upon being brought into action; which with the friction and irritation occasioned by the sharp particles of gravel in the dirty roads, soon produce enlarged lacerations of the most painful description. And these, it must be candidly acknowledged, most frequently occur with those *sweet scented* GROOMS of *modern* formation, who thinking the care of *two horses* not *sufficient* employment, *kindly* undertake to *dress* the *head* of the *master*, as well as the *heels* of his *horses*; and vainly conceiving themselves too *delicately* formed for the winter evening's drudgery of a stable, are miserable till reclining upon the *tender bosom* of their *kitchen Cleopatra*, they exchange reciprocal *lies* of eternal constancy, basking in the rays of the *culinary blaze*, before which these *cross bred* stabularian gentry take care to indulge, with almost as much expedition as their *masters* can pay their more *sublime devoirs* to objects of superior attraction in the *parlour*.

"Admitting this statement to be *tolerably* correct, (totally divested of ornament or exaggeration,) it must in extenuation of *servants* of *every* description be as candidly considered, that where *two* horses are out together in the *wet* and *dirty* months of winter, and only *one* person to look after them at their return, it must be *more* than a *miracle*, if one or the other does not soon display a *change* for the *worse* in either heels, legs, lungs, eyes, coat, or condition; for unless the dependent so employed possesses greater strength than *Hercules*, and a more than *pantomimic agility*, one of the two must get the circulation *chilled* to a certainty, before the drying and dressing of *both* can be complete.

"Where horses are left entirely to the discretion of servants, they should have it in mind that regular daily exercise is by no means to be admitted, as well as that such exercise should be *long* and *gentle*, by no means *short* and *violent*; the former will certainly be productive of *every good*, the latter *may* of *every ill*. The great and leading objects in *exercise*, are to unload the carcase of its excrementitious contents by natural and easy gradations, to promote the *secretions* necessary to an enjoyment of *health*, to enliven the circulation, to afford *elasticity* to the LUNGS, by quickening respiration, and to give firmness, strength, and pliability to the limbs by moderate action. The kind of exercise we constantly observe about the metropolis, is of a description so directly opposite to what is here recommended, it serves only to corroborate my opinion, that horses exercised in *that way*, much more frequently *sustain injury* than *derive advantage* from a practice so ridiculously *adopted* and so obstinately persevered in.

"Having gone through as regular a survey of the prevalent errors in stable discipline, as the limited space in this concise tract can possibly admit, it only remains to recommend it most strenuously to *servants* of *every* description, who are entrusted with the valuable property of others, to *use* and *protect*

protect that property *as their own*; to adhere as ſtrictly as circumſtances will permit, to that *juſt* and *excellent* maxim of ‘ doing to others as they would be done unto;” and to reflect moſt ſeriouſly, how great a claim the *poor animals* under *their care* have to tenderneſs and unremitting attention. Not poſſeſſing the power of communication, they are deſtined to bear diſquietude without repining, as well as the means of ſoliciting relief or obtaining alleviation; under the impreſſive influence of which reflection, as it is evident they have no *appeal* but to the *feelings* of *humanity*, ſo it muſt be the ardent and anxious wiſh of every benevolent heart, that they may be leſs frequently diſappointed.”

Extraordinary SPORTING PERFORMANCES.

(*Continued from page* 81, *vol.* 8.)

1520.

JAMES IV. of Scotland, with a relay of horſes, rode from Stirling, by Perth and Aberdeen, to Elgin, a diſtance of 150 meaſured Engliſh miles, in one day.

1714.

July 28, at York, her Majeſty's gold cup, of 100gs value, was run for by the following horſes, &c. and came in as follows, viz.

Mr. Childer's b. m. Dutcheſs —	1	2	
Mr. Peirſon's b. h. Fox-hunter —	2	1	
Mr. Moore's b. h. Dragon —	4	4	3
Mr. Young's gr. g Shy	3	3	4
Mr. Hutton's gr. h. Iron-ſides —	6	5	diſ.
Mr. Dawſon's d. h. Pretender —	5	6	diſ

The third heat, Dutcheſs and Fox-hunter were ſo near together at the ending poſt, that it could not be determined by the tryers; upon which a law-ſuit enſued; during which time, her Majeſty's cup was inveſted in truſt with the lord-mayor of York; when it was agreed in court, that all ſuch horſes, &c. as were not diſtanced, had an equal property; upon which, the four following gentlemen, viz. Mr. Childers, Mr. Peirſon, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Young, ſold their ſhares for 25l. a piece, which was purchaſed by the following noblemen, &c. viz. two ſhares by the Duke of Rutland, one by the Earl of Carliſle, and one by Sir Wm. Lowther, and run for over again in 1719, and won by the

Earl of Carliſle's ch. g. Buckhunter	1	3	1
Duke of Rutland's b. m.	2	1	2
Sir W. Lowther's d. m. Whitefoot —	3	2	diſ

1735.

Count de Buckeburg, the famous German author, being then in England, laid a conſiderable wager, that he would ride a horſe from London to Edinburgh backwards, that is, with the horſe's head turned towards Edinburgh, and the count's face towards London; and in this manner he actually rode the journey, in leſs than four days.

1740.

Lord Orford made a large bet with another nobleman, that a drove of geeſe would beat an equal number of turkies in a race from Norwich to London. The event proved the juſtneſs of his lordſhip's expectations; for the geeſe kept on the road with a ſteady pace; but the turkies, as every evening approached, flew to rooſt in the trees adjoining the road, from which the drivers

found

found it very difficult to dislodge them; in consequence of which, the geese arrived at their destination two days before the turkies.

1749.

May 3, a foot-race of ten miles was run on Richmond Green, between Thomas Calisle, a lamplighter, and —— Morris, a noted runner, for 100 guineas. Calile, who was the winner, run that distance in 55 minutes. Morris, in endeavouring to out-strip his competitor, burst a blood-vessel, and expired almost instantly.

1760.

August 14, a porter, at one of the inns in the city, engaged, for a wager of a guinea, to walk between West Smithfield and St. Giles's, seventeen times, carrying 50lb. weight of halfpence, in four hours; the distance was computed to be near twenty miles, which he performed in half an hour less time than was allowed him.

1765.

January 2, Ralph Nicholson, a taylor, for a wager, walked from Whitechapel Church to Knightsbridge, in fifty-eight minutes. He was allowed an hour.

1766.

September, James Tichborn, esq. of Putney, betted 100 guineas with William Courtney, esq. of Wandsworth, that he procured three horses that should go ninety miles in three hours. At the time appointed, Mr. Tichborn started all the three horses at once; so they had but thirty miles a piece to run in the three hours. Mr. Courtney objected to this, not being the conditions of the wager, and refused to pay the bet, for which Mr. Tichborn had the cause tried at Kingston Assizes in April, 1767; when the court being of opinion it was an unfair bet, and a mere juggle of jockeyship, gave a verdict for Mr. Courtney.

1767.

January 12, a gentleman skaited a mile in fifty-seven seconds, on the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, for a wager of fifty guineas. He was allowed one minute.

1770.

December 21, Mr. Baker's celebrated fox-hound, Romulus, broke away with a fox singly, and pulled him down, after a chace of eighteen miles. Romulus was afterwards the property of the Duke of Bedford, who offered to run him for five hundred guineas against any hound in Europe.

1771.

July, in a cricket match played at Seven-oak Vine, between the counties of Surrey and Kent, against Middlesex and Hants, Shockwhite, of Brentford, got 197 notches; and in the return match played on Laleham Burway, Aylward, of Hampshire, fetched 160 runs.

1774.

August 22, Anthony Thorpe, a journeyman baker, at the Artillery Ground, run a mile tied up in a sack, in eleven minutes and a half.

1775.

May 11, John Green, a noted walker, for a wager of ten guineas, at the Artillery Ground, walked seven miles within an hour, besides eating a cold fowl, and drinking a bottle of wine.

1776.

June 13, a walking match, for fifty guineas a side, took place on the City Road, between the noted Green, and Hancock, a butcher. They was to walk four miles, which Hancock performed in thirty-eight minutes and three seconds, beating Green by about twenty yards.

 1783.

1783.

October 18, a gentleman at Colchester, for a bet of five hundred guineas, drove a mare of his, in a single horse chaise, from Colchester to London, and back again, (102 miles,) in sixteen hours. By the conditions of the wager, the mare was to go eight miles in the last hour, which she did with apparent ease, and had ten minutes to spare. The mare had only water-gruel mixed with brandy, during her journey.

1784.

February 28, Mr. Green, a publican, for twenty-eight guineas, rode a mare of his, from his house in Russel street, Bloomsbury, to Maidenhead, (twenty eight miles,) in one hour and forty seconds.

1786.

October 25, Ring and Wingfield, two famous walkers, walked from Hicks's Hall to St. Alban's, and back again. The first performed the journey in nine hours eleven minutes, and the latter in nine hours seventeen minutes. The wager was twenty guineas to five, Ring against Wingfield.

(To be continued.)

SOUND FLESH *essential for* HOUNDS.—*Fatal Effects of Foul Feeding exemplified in the year* 1749.

WHEN the contagious distemper raged with infectious and unabated fatality among cattle, a capital pack of fox-hounds belonging to Mr. Finch, a then noted sportsman and mighty Nimrod, in the county of Kent, being out with a large field of company, and drawing coverts for fox, the hounds met with the diseased carcase of a dead bullock, which the drovers had left behind them in a wood, whereon the dogs had gorged themselves most greedily, insomuch that the repast produced the immediate influenza of contamination throughout the whole pack, and in a short time they were generally taken with shivering, staggering, and convulsion fits, operating to so very violent degrees, that eight couple of hounds died upon the field in less than two hours; and it was generally imagined, that the whole pack would inevitably have fallen similar victims, had not the timely application of oils, bleeding, and other canine nostrums of medicinal aid to phlebotomy, been instantly administered, which preserved them from the fatal malady and death.

VERDICT *against* GAME-KEEPERS.

A Law Case, tried in the Court of Common Pleas, before the Lord Chief—Sittings after Michaelmas Term, 1796.—*Robinson v. W. and J. Finney and Others.*

THIS was an action to recover from the defendants, a compensation in damages for an assault and false imprisonment.

Mr. Serjeant Adair opened the case on the part of the plaintiff. He said, the present action was of importance to the liberty of the subject, and especially to those gentlemen who are fond of the pleasure of shooting.

It appeared in evidence, that the plaintiff, in company with others, were, on the last day of October last, amusing themselves with shooting partridges; they were accosted by the defendants, who demanded to see their certificate. The plaintiff said he had a licence, but did not produce any; after some dispute about the

game laws, the defendant, Finney, who was a game-keeper, took the plaintiff into custody, and after cutting the waist band of his breeches, and tying his hands behind, conveyed him to the house of a magistrate, where he was confined for about eight hours.

It appeared that the plaintiff and his companions were unqualified persons, and trespassers on the manor of a gentleman, to whom Finney was game-keeper. —They were poor men employed by an attorney to shoot for his use, who paid the penalties they had incurred, and who was the real plaintiff in the present action.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff against the two Finneys, only for 100l. damages.

THE FEAST OF WIT:

OR,

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

Breslaw the Conjuror.

THE celebrated Breslaw, of hocus-pocus fame, used formerly to be accompanied by a set of inferior artists, who (as usually happens in such companies) were seldom very abundant in wealth. One evening, after having performed several nights at a town in Kent, where unfortunately the inhabitants happened not to have much taste for the *fine arts*, the company found the fund so deficient, that the prospect of starvation seemed not very distant. Breslaw however hit on the following expedient, to avert the meagre fiend. He gave out, that, in consideration of the encouragement he had met with, he intended to perform one night for the benefit of the *poor*, provided the town would pay the expences of candles, bills, &c. The overseers, pleased with the liberal offer, paid the expences beforehand, and at night the house overflowed in every part. Next morning, the overseers applied for the money: *De money!* exclaimed he; *I have distributed de money myself among de poor.* "How so, sir?" *I have give de money to my people, who I am sure be de poorest people in dis parish!*—"Pho, Mr. Breslaw," said they, "this is all a trick!" —"A trick! yes, by Gar," replied the conjurer, "I live by my *tricks!*"

Odd Notions of Liberty.

A respectable tradesman, in Liverpool, finding two or three of his best workmen had been absent for several days, went in search of them, and after some time, found them in the dark kitchen of a little pot-house, so small, that there were scarcely room to breathe, or turn themselves, where, it seems, they had been for three days, alternately drunk and sober. On their master reproaching them for their neglect of business, they told him, that one of their companions having got married, they were determined to enjoy two or three days of *liberty*.

A whimsical remark, arising rather from ignorance of medical phrases, than want of sound sense, was noticed the other day by a surgeon, who was sent for to examine the case of a young man, son to a farmer, at a considerable distance in the country, who had received a severe contusion in the thigh, by the kick of a horse; being asked by the young man's mother, what would be best to apply to the wound, answered, "A lead poultice," (which, among the *faculty*, signifies a poultice

poultice made of lead-*water*, bread, &c.) "Lord bless me," exclaimed the good woman, "how unfortunate! I don't think we have as much lead about the house as will make one, without pulling the windows to pieces, but I can make him a *pewter* one, if that will do."

The Rector and Grocer.

The late Doctor Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of Southwark, where he had been many years a rector, called among the rest of the inhabitants on a grocer, with whom he had a running account.—To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he enquired if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger, there appeared to be a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman; the doctor had recourse to his pocket; and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea; Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a great degree of surprise, exclaimed, "Good God, sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there." "Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, "*and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*"

The Dublin Journal shrewdly observes, that Patrick's Close is *constantly* in a state of darkness, as one half the lamps have not been lighted for some months, and those that are, *never burn.*

In the Londonderry paper is the following advertisement;—"Wanted, for the Yeomanry Cavalry, thirty stout and *perfectly sound Geldings.*

"N. B. They must not be *Mares*, nor *lame*."

An advertisement lately announced, that a black gelding, suspected to be stolen, was found *on* a suspicious person—We have frequently heard of a suspicious person being found *on horseback*, but this is the first time we ever heard of the horse being found on the man, and both parties too in perfect health.

One of the London newspapers has it, that in consequence of the severe press on the river, a man *leaped over a ship*, and was drowned.—*A wonderful leap indeed!*

Mr. Sheridan, on being informed that the Duke of Wirtemberg was to have the *vacant riband*, observed, that his serene highness would be woefully disappointed, if he should receive no *higher* honour than that of the *garter*.

The new comedy of "Abroad and at Home" is in *four* acts. An author was once in the dilemma of a fourth act: he applied to Murphy for assistance. "Sir," says he, "I do not know how it has happened, but I have killed every being but one, in my tragedy, at the end of the fourth act; and I cannot contrive business for the fifth." "Sir," replied Murphy, "as the *personæ* are defunct, what if you were to introduce their *executors, administrators, and assigns*."

When the late Marquis of Bath was a young lad, he behaved rather rudely to one of the chamber-maids, of which she complained to his mother, who being extremely angry with him, he exclaimed, "Upon my soul, mother, she had so neat an ancle, and so pretty a foot, *flesh* and *blood* could not resist the temptation."

Being

Being remarkably thin in his person, his mother, looking at him, said, "that may be true—but *skin* and *bones* can have no such excuse."

Epigram

On a late regulation at Kensington work-house, by which the paupers are deprived of both sugar and vinegar:

Do not exclaim, ye half-starv'd crew,
Against the men in pow'r,
Tho' they have took from you the *sweets*,
They have also took the *sour*.

A few days ago, a gentleman coming out of the Court of King's Bench, found some difficulty in pressing his way out; and coming too much in contact with the gown of a barrister, the latter exclaimed, "Do mind, sir, don't tear one to pieces!" "No, sir," said the gentleman, "that's *your business*, not mine."

Curious Inscription.

Over a public house in the neighbourhood of one of the fashionable squares, is written the following words; — "Thomas Francillow, late coachman to Lord Thurlow—the Old *Black Bear entire*."

The gentlemens' *fashionable dress* for the winter is nearly *pantomimical*. The *spencer* at top, the *pantaloon* at bottom, and the *fool* in the middle!

For the Sporting Magazine.

PROSPECT, *or the High-mettled Racer—the* LAW-SUIT *thereon.*

THAT famous old stallion, and known good runner, the winner of many *sweepstakes* and plates when in the possession of Sir C. Davers, Lord Boringdon, and the Prince of Wales, has, within the last few weeks, and in the *eighteenth* year of his life, encountered *miseries* that render the vicissitudes of the "*high-mettled racer*" distressingly familiar to the memory. Got by *Herod*, dam *(Laura)* by *Whistle-jacket*, his *blood* was thought little inferior to any in the kingdom. When nearly one of the first horses of his year, (then in possession of the P. of Wales,) he sustained an injury, and was taken out of training; soon after which, his royal highness gave him to *George Holmes*, who had formerly been huntsman to his highness the late Duke of Cumberland, his Majesty having previously and benevolently given him "Chavey-down Lodge," (alias the Windmill House,) near the Kennel, upon Ascot Heath, for his residence during his life. Here *Prospect* has enjoyed the *seraglio* of that district for eleven or twelve years past, and produced some of the best hunters in the kingdom. Upon the decease of his master about twelve months since, he became once more a wretched dependent upon the caprice and depravity of human nature; was soon purchased by a gentleman farmer, between Twyford Turnpike and Hurst; sold in a short time after to a Captain ——, for 20l. and being a good subject (without respect to *humanity* or *age)* for the *diabolical* spirit of *gaming*, was *backed* to go in a chaise *sixteen* miles *within the hour*, for a considerable sum, which he won without difficulty; but having been severely *lacerated* by the *harness*, and no longer contributing to the aggrandisement of his possessor, he was destined to the disposal of the *hammer*, in St. Martin's

Martin's Lane, where he was bought by a Mr. Hoare, at 7l. 1s. and *instantly* destined *again* to a *trial* in *harness*; but in going through Piccadilly, a shoe was observed to be loose, and he was taken to a SMITH's in the neighbourhood, where it was secured, and the original demand of *sixpence* paid, but a farther demand of *threepence halfpenny*, for a pot of porter, being made for the men, and a positive refusal to let the horse go *without* it, the horse was left, and there continued for *five* or *six* weeks. He was then sent to the yard with which the original proprietor had some connection, and there *tied up to a post*; here (shocking as it is to *recite*—shocking as it must be to every lover of a horse to *read*) he continued *four* days and nights, without the power of laying down to rest his aged bones, or receiving any sustenance, but a little hay and water that he *at last* received from "the rude, but charitable hands" of a hackney coachman, or two, who became moved by the *misery* of the *object* before them! By the neighbours he was at length removed to a shed on the opposite side of the yard; where, possessing the power of laying down, he might now tacitly admit, that "where the greater malady is, the lesser is not felt;" but the rough and projecting stones upon which he lay, were *worse*, if possible, than the *worst* pavement in the city of London! The distressing scene, at length, prompted Mr. H. (at the intercession of the neighbours) to acquiesce in the proposal of sending him *again* to Aldridge's, where, covered with dirt, filth and nastiness, he found a new master at *two pounds eighteen shillings*,

"Boldly venturing upon a world *unknown*,
"Which could not use him *worse* than that had done."

At this period, Mr. H. arrested Mr. M. upon an action in trover, which being tried before Lord Kenyon in the Court of King's Bench, on Friday the 2d of December, a verdict was given for the plaintiff in 5l. damages, and costs of suit, *(the particulars of this trial are hereunto subjoined)*:—Sorry we are to add, that *poor Prospect*, after all the dazzling splendor of his former days, now drags on a *miserable* existence, and a *hackney coach* at the same time through the streets of the metropolis. With what strict truth does the wise man say "*all* is *vanity*!"

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon.

Friday, Dec. 2.

HOARE *v.* MONTHEATH.

MR. Erskine said, that his client, the plaintiff, had purchased a stallion at Aldridge's, very old, but very good; the day after he bought him, he wished to try him to a chaise; having put on his harness, he drove him round St. James's Square. On going down York Street, St. James's, he found one of his shoes to be loose; that he stopped at defendant's shop to have it fastened; on having asked what was to pay, he was told six-pence, two-pence more than is usual on such occasions; he put his hand in his pocket to pay, when, to his great surprise, he was told by the farrier, that he must leave threepence-halfpenny for the men; to this he immediately objected, and asked for defendant himself; defendant appeared, and confirmed what his man had said; the plaintiff objected to pay. After some altercation,

cation, the defendant tied up the horse to a stake with a halter, refused to give back the horse, and absolutely detained the horse for six weeks. On this case, comment was unnecessary; he would call witnesses to prove what he said was true.

Richard Stuckbury confirmed what Mr. Erskine had stated; that four nails had been driven in the shoe—that sixpence was the greatest charge for such a job; that sixpence was tendered, and refused.—On his cross-examination, he said, he bought the horse after for two guineas and a half; that seven guineas had been given for the stallion; that he was old, but not broke down, having got 39 colts out of 40 mares in the last year; that for two hours, whilst he was present, no offer was made to return the stallion; that he does not know that any such return was made for six weeks; that the plaintiff was very cool, and said he would bring his action; to which the defendant replied, he did not "care a damn for him or all his f--t--g lawyers.

John Gairs corroborated his evidence.

Mr. Garrow, for defendant, endeavoured to impress the jury with the distinction between an accidental call and a regular customer; this plaintiff was a cold-bath keeper in the Strand, and going to Ascot Races, was very desirous of having his horse speedily equipped; had he been a regular customer, only sixpence would have been charged, but driving a dirty horse in a great hurry, it was customary that something should be given to the men, and this was countenanced by the master, in order that the men, whom he kept at a great expence to accommodate such persons, might be zealous to finish the work for the passenger and employer. Had a servant called, the threepence-halfpenny would have been drank in porter; but as the gentleman himself called, he was charged this money for the men. He called no evidence, convinced that the jury would see nothing unreasonable in this business.

Lord Kenyon.—I know not but the public should be thankful to the plaintiff for bringing this action; there is no doubt about the fact; six-pence is the most that is ever charged for fastening a shoe; 2s. 4d. is as much as I have ever paid for a complete set. I remember a gentleman of the bar being somewhat in a similar situation with the present plaintiff; he ordered a turkey from the country; the carriage of it was very dear; but when it was sent from the coach or waggon office, the porterage was prodigious; he objected to the demand; his objection was not listened to; he offered something less, which was refused; he then brought an action, and a jury which sat in your place, gave a verdict against the office, which, I am certain, in its consequences, was beneficial to the public. A smith is one of the persons who is allowed to keep the property till his debt is discharged; but no smith, nor no common servant of the public, is to be allowed to be arrogant, unreasonable, and improper in his charges. As the injury in this case was not great, so the damages need not be heavy; any damages would cover the costs; perhaps a shilling damages will, in its consequences, be most advantageous to the public.

After a little conversation, the jury

jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, 5l. damages, and the costs of suit.

Opening *of the* Opera House.

On Saturday, November 26, this splendid theatre was opened for the season to an audience uncommonly numerous for the time of the year. The arrangements, and all the detail of this theatre, were so good, even in the first instance, as justly to attract the admiration of every tasteful eye. The front of the house (or as the French term it *the sallon)* resembled an elegant drawing-room, and, without being overloaded with ornament, had enough of fanciful embellishment to relieve the eye before the arrival of the beauty and fashion that fill the boxes. Last year, this coup d'œil was interrupted by some new boxes put aukwardly down behind the pit.

A judicious alteration has now taken place, by which the plan of the boxes is continued without interruption; and at the same time the pit is so contrived, as to enable the company to walk round it.

The circle is extended further upon the stage, and the fronts of the new boxes are ornamented with looking-glass pannels, which reflecting the strong lights of the stage, have a brilliant effect on the theatre.

The stage has been lengthened so as to enable the machinist and painter to give a very great addition to the perspective, and to give them room for the splendor of processions and decoration.

The gallery is relieved from all the unnecessary pillars which obstructed the sight; new avenues are made to it; a new lobby round it is opened, and the coffee room belonging to the gallery is finishing in a very elegant stile.

To complete the improvements, we see that a very good plan is adopted to prevent, at least, the *petit maitres* from pressing forward on the front of the stage; and we trust, that the good sense of the spectators will enforce the order, and suppress the nuisance of their intrusion altogether. On Saturday night a few of the beaux made their appearance, but the company expressed their displeasure in so marked a way as to prevail on them to withdraw.

The opera of *Zemira and Azore*, was received with just and deserved applause. Banti sung with all that incomparable power and taste which makes her the wonder of the world. She had a new song with the *oboe obligato* that was very beautiful. Young Braham made his *debut*, and when he has learnt to moderate his decorations, and to suffer the exquisite melody of his voice to be felt, unencumbered by the weight of ornament, he will gratify the most scientific as well as the natural ear. He was encored in the second act, and he sustained the part so well, that we trust he will give us an example that shall induce us to chace from an English stage the degrading and disgusting form of a *castrato*.

The band of dancers was received with the most flattering welcome, and never, we will venture to say, did the English stage see such a female dancer as Madame Rose shewed herself to be. Having recovered the full vigour of health, she displayed talents that drew forth the most vehement bursts of applause; and Didelot, enchanted with the music of this praise, emulated the

the exertions of his wife. Hilligſberg, however, did not loſe the place ſhe has gained in the public eſtimation, and Pariſot, after her trip to Drury, reſumed her attitudes with grace, on the ſpot to which they are more adapted.

L'Amour fra le Vendemmie.

A new comic opera, under the above title, the compoſition of Guglielmi, was repreſented for the firſt time on the 6th inſtant, and was, as it deſerves to be, moſt warmly applauded. The overture was extremely light and animated, and the ſongs, duets, trios, and choruſſes afford an admirable ſpecimen of the genius of this celebrated maſter, whoſe compoſitions have long been familiar to the taſte of an Engliſh audience.

Little Peggy's Love, aided by Hilligſberg, Didelot, and Roſe, went off with applauſe.

The houſe was elegantly attended. There were in the gallery a numerous aſſemblage of beautiful women, as well as in the boxes.

L'Amour et Psyche.

On Tueſday December 13, was brought out the grand new ballet, entitled *L'Amour et Pſyche*, of which the faſhionable world has been for ſome time in expectation. The *programme* of this dance is the compoſition of the celebrated M. Noverre, and it is therefore totally different from the ballet under the ſame title, brought out at Paris by Gardel. It is a grand and magical performance. The ſtory of Cupid's Amour with Pſyche is repreſented with the moſt exquiſite charms of ſpectacle and fancy. The groupes are moſt captivating; and Mr. Greenwood in the ſcenery has been extremely ſucceſsful, particularly in his fanciful repreſentation of the infernal regions.—Thoſe who recollect the ballet of Gardal will ſay, that the loves are not executed with the ſame addreſs here as at Paris, becauſe we have not children ſo well diſciplined to the ſtage; but the Furies are in Noverre's ballet, managed with infinite more effect. The character is more ſtriking; and the ſpectacle approaches to the ſublime terror and paſſion of an opera. The fire is very finely conducted, and Mazzinghi has introduced ſome very apt and characteriſtic muſic. The torches and ſwords of fire in the hands of the Furies produced ſo tremendous an effect, that part of the audience ſeemed petrified at the agonies of Pſyche. A higher compliment to a ſcene of acting we never witneſſed. Much of this effect was produced by the ſtrong reflection from the glaſs pannels of the new boxes; and after this firſt night, the ſpectators will learn, that though terrible in appearance, it is perfectly ſafe.

It is impoſſible to ſpeak with ſufficient praiſe of Didelot, Roſe, and Hilligſberg. The groupes and combinations which they formed were ſo ærial and elegant,—ſo new and graceful, that they produced rapturous emotions of applauſe, and their dancing was equally faſcinating. Pariſot had her full ſhare of public approbation. She only wants a ſcientific maſter to chaſten and correct her ſtile, to draw forth her talents, and give to her attitudes elaſticity and ſpirit.—Her natural powers are ſo fine, and the graces of her figure ſo attractive, that we truſt, now that the ballet-maſter is arrived, ſhe will

exert her powers in daily ſtudy, and acquire the excellence of the models ſhe has to imitate. The new ballet of *L'Amour et Pſyche* has been *got up*, we underſtand by M. Barre, and he has followed the plan of Noverre with the moſt reſpectful accuracy.

In this revival, all the ſcenery, decorations, and dreſſes are new, and this ballet which uſed to fill the opera at Paris as often as it was acted, will no doubt be attractive here. We ſee only one point in which it might have been improved—to have given to Pariſot the part of *Adonis*, or to have given Gentili a maſk.

Il Consiglio Imprudente.

The director of the opera, with a ſpirit worthy of the countenance which the Theatre receives, gives the public inceſſant novelty. A new comic opera, the compoſition of Bianchi, in this country expreſsly for the King's Theatre, was brought out on Tueſday the 20th, inſt. and received with warm applauſe. *Il Conſiglio Imprudente* poſſeſſes ſome very fine muſic, particularly the duo, ſung by Viganoni and another: and the fugue, at the cloſe of the finale. The laſt is one of the fineſt compoſitions we ever heard. The opera is too long for one act, and ought to be ſhortened. The new ballet acquires additional force on each repreſentation; the ſwords of fire were again introduced in the terrific ſcene of hell, and all its harmleſs, but impreſſive, horror is reſtored.

THE FORCE OF RIDICULE.

WHEN this new play, was announced for performance, for the firſt time, at Drury-Lane Theatre, November 30, an untoward circumſtance happened, which prevented the repreſentation, and greatly irritated and diſappointed the audience. The uſual time of commencing having elapſed, and no ſymptom of ſpeaking the prologue appearing, the audience began to expreſs a conſiderable degree of impatience, which was appeaſed by Mr. Palmer, who came forward and ſtated, "that by ſome unforeſeen accident, Miſs Farren had not come to the theatre, but that a meſſenger had been diſpatched to know the reaſon of her abſence, and the proprietors humbly hoped the audience would indulge them for a few minutes till the meſſenger returned." About ſeven o'clock, Mr. Palmer again appeared, and ſaid, "that the anſwer, that moment brought back from Miſs Farren, was, that ſhe was ſo ill, ſhe could not leave her room; that the circumſtance had extremely diſtreſſed the proprietors, who had authoriſed him to declare, that the money ſhould be returned to ſuch ladies and gentlemen as choſe to leave the theatre; but he was at the ſame time commiſſioned to ſay, to ſuch of the audience as ſhould honor them with their company, that Mrs. Siddons had kindly condeſcended to play Iſabella at a moment's warning." A great part of the audience immediately quitted the houſe; and, when the curtain drew up, Mr. Wroughton was under the neceſſity of reading the part of Count Baldwin, as Mr. Packer, not having been aware that he ſhould be wanted, was not to be met with.

THE SHIPWRECK.

On Saturday evening, December the 10th, a new comic opera, in two acts, called the Shipwreck, was performed for the

firſt

first time at the same theatre, the characters of which were as follow, and thus represented :

Selwyn,	Mr. Dignum.
Harry Hawser,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Stave,	Mr. Suett.
Michael Goto,	Mr. Dowton.
Shark,	Mr. Caulfield.
Dick,	Master Welsh.
Angelica Goto,	Miss Leak.
Fanny,	Miss De Camp.
Sally Shamrock,	Mrs. Bland.

This is upon the whole, one of the happiest musical dramas, of the slighter kind, that has been seen for some time, and was very deservedly received with great applause ; though it has not the bold features of humour, that the *petites pieces* of Mr. Hoare present, it possesses sufficient merit to entitle it to critical commendation, and popular favour. —This new opera is said to be written by the Younger Arnold.

The piece opens with a shipwreck, which is exhibited with all its awful characteristics, and a set of wretches who live by plundering shipwrecks mercilessly take advantage of the misfortune, and seize and secrete the most valuable part of the lading. Michael Goto, a man soured by the world's severity, is at the head of this band of savages of the worse kind, and directs them in their violations of humanity. His son, (a boy,) and Fanny, (the sweetheart of Harry Hawser,) who had followed her service unknown to him, in the disguise of a sailor lad, are of the crew wrecked, and arrive at her father's cottage, while he and his companions are busy in stowing and concealing the plunder they have made. Angelica, Goto's daughter, is in love with Selwyn, and, going to the shore, finds a most curious casket, which by a presentiment, warranted by the *licentia theatrica*, she conceives might possibly belong to her Selwyn, and that he may be among the drowned. Selwyn, however, and Harry Hawser, are seen immediately, and after cheering each other, under their mutual calamity, separate. Sally Shamrock, an Irish ballad-singer, falls in with Ezekiel Stave, who had been many years clerk, bell-ringer, and sexton of the village, and being captivated by her singing, offers her his hand, having buried his seventh wife nine months. After some scenes of humour, Selwyn arrives at Goto's, and sees his Angelica. The father, to avoid a discovery of his practices, determines to give Selwyn a sleeping potion, under the disguise of a bowl of grog. Angelica, overhearing his design, saves her lover by changing the bowl, and bringing him his favourite liquor, advising her lover to sham sleep. As soon as he is apparently wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, Goto, and his unfeeling companion, Shark, quit the room, to bring in, and drop into their concealed cellar, a trunk of Selwyn's ; in the interim, Fanny steals in, and suspecting mischief, conceals herself underneath the table: her lover, Harry Hawser, (who had accompanied Selwyn,) having stowed himself drunk on the floor, soon after Selwyn entered. Goto and Shark return with a trunk, and a pair of pistols ; they open their trap-door, and let down the trunk, and are proceeding to dispose of Selwyn, when Fanny rises from under the table, and seizes on the pistols, which Goto had placed on it, fires one in the air, the noise of which alarms Selwyn and Harry Hawser, who both rise and seize Goto and Shark, whose practices are discovered by Fanny, she having witnessed the deposit of

of the trunk; and on lifting up the trap-door, all the property illicitly brought away from the wreck, is found. Goto denies his guilt, but Shark, to save his own life, makes an ample confession. Goto then promises to reform, and the opera ends, as usual, with a general reconciliation of all parties, and the happy union of Angelica and Selwyn, Fanny and Harry Hawser, and Sally Shamrock and Ezekiel Stave.

Such is the outline of the plot, and it is worked up with great comic effect. The scene in which Harry Hawser is deceived, by a tale of his Fanny's falsehood, and his struggle to appear merry, while he is most seriously sad at heart, is well conceived, naturally coloured, and adroitly managed. Stave's character, and that of Sally Shamrock, though not necessary to the furtherance of the fable, are pleasant, and add to the vivacity of the scene. In a piece where there is so much reason to commend, it is painful to object to any thing; but surely the incident that brings on the catastrophe, ill assorts with an exhibition consisting chiefly of comic humour and laughable situation. We suppose the author meant "to poison only in jest;" but he should not have made Goto a principal in the act. Indeed it is so extremely obvious how he might have managed the incident better, that it is marvellous he should have missed it. Shark, by character a brute, might have designed the project. Goto might have rejected it with detestation, and yet Angelica and Fanny been made the instruments of averting the threatened danger. That character would have been rendered consistent, and the father of Angelica saved from the shame of detection as a criminal. What felon tried at the Old Bailey would not, after conviction, have gladly compromised the gallows for a protestation, that he would hereafter amend his life?

The characters, excepting that of Goto, are well sustained. We have heard of a "humane housebreaker" and a "feeling footpad," but it has reached our ears only from the voice of ridicule. It remained for the author of the Shipwreck to exhibit a sentimental savage in a land of urbanity and civilization.

The performers played admirably; Miss De Camp most happily, and Bannister and Suett extraordinary well. Miss Leak sung sweetly, and Mrs. Bland's "Little Sally" will be a popular proof of her merit. Dignum's air was given with great taste; and Master Welsh acquitted himself ably, as usual. Mr. Dowton is evidently an actor of force, but he was, on Saturday evening, too redundant in his action, like S. Johnson, of old, in the character of Lord Flame, in Hurlothrumbo, it had the appearance of sentimentals on stilts.

The opera will bear curtailment; it is too long in representation.

The music was equal to any of Dr. Arnold's former compositions; it had more than equal simplicity, beauty, and effect. Several of the airs will, doubtless, be great favorites, as practical pieces for young ladies.

A specimen of the airs, &c. is given in our Poetical Department.

Harlequin Oberon.

Monday Dec. 19, a new pantomime, called *Harlequin Oberon, or the Chace to Gretna* was exhibited,

bited, at Covent Garden, which teems with so much novelty and variety, that it drew down a continuation of loud and general plaudits, from the beginning to the end of the representation. The scenery is most beautiful and abundant, the changes are numerous and striking, and the tricks excellent.

The fable or story, as usual, in modern days, is not told with extraordinary intelligibility; but we could easily recognise all the usual pantomime progress of Harlequin and Columbine, from their first interview to their marraige, upon the arrival of the famous blacksmith of Gretna-green. The progress of the plot consists, as in all other pantomimes, of pursuits, escapes, ludicrous situations, and laughable incidents, at the expence of the clown, his master, and Columbine's fop sutor, which was with great humour personified by Delpini.

Among the scenes are a representation of the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, a water-mill and bridge, an elegant garden, and a splendid temple of Hymen, besides others of less note, such as cottages, woods, &c. &c. The most striking tricks are, a gin-keg turned into an umbrella; a gentleman's riding-chair into a piece of artillery; a trunk into a gingerbread barrow; a cottage into an oak, with a group of gypsies; a wheelwright's shop and yard into an elegant pavillion; the inside of a cobler's stall into a magnificent park gate-way; a clown into a large candle; and that candle and candlestick into a garden shrub, in a handsome greenhouse tub, with several others.

A Fantoccini representation is introduced as a fair, and the figures, who dance and act, are moved by Martinelli with singular adroitness.

Townsend sings a ballad in the character of a News-boy, and another in that of a Gingerbread-nut-seller; Incledon a hunting song; and Linton a sailor's song.

The representation is at least half an hour too long—but the whole of the pantomime is far superior to any that have been lately exhibited.

WESTMINSTER PLAY.

On Tuesday evening Dec. 13, the *Aulularia* of Plautus was repeated in the Dormitory at Westminster, to a numerous and fashionable auditory.

The dramatis personæ were as follow:

Euclio	Mr. Stevens
Staphyla	Mr. Franklin
Eunomia	Mr. Bridges
Megadorus	Mr. Maysey
Strobilus	Mr. Bagot
Congrio	Mr. Gahagan, senior.
Anthrax	Mr. Gahagan, junior.
Lyconides	Mr. Simkinson.

The part of Euclio was sustained throughout with infinite spirit by Mr. Stevens. The character of the miser, his perpetual apprehensions relative to his casket, his despair on losing it, and his happiness on its restoration to him by Lyconides, were all pourtrayed in strong and natural colours. Staphila was exceedingly well personated by Mr. Franklin. Mr. Masey both acted and looked the character of Megadorus very correctly. Strobilus was hit off with great address by Mr. Bagot. Anthrax was performed with much archness by Mr. Gahagan, junior, and his elder brother displayed a sufficient portion of easy assurance in the personification of Congrio.

The epilogue consisted of a dialogue between the two cooks Congrio and Anthrax on the state of Epicurism in England. It contained a great deal of humour,

mour, and was acted with no less spirit; but there is something to object to in the allusion of "vel Jacobino;" and the mention of a name of a living individual, in the last line, did not accord with the customary dignity of a Westminster composition.

Among the company we discerned the Earls of Kinnoul and Liverpool, Viscount Clifden, Chief Baron Macdonald, the Bishops of Bristol and Rochester, Sir James B. Burges, Sir William Dolben, Sir Watkin W. Wynne, Hon. Mr. Upton, Hon. Mr. Agar, Mr. Abbot, Mr. Hawkins Browne, Mr. Bennet Langton, Mr. Miles Andrews, Mr. Secretary Windham, Mr. C. W. Wynne, Doctors Pearce, Smith, Fiennes, Bell, Finch, &c.

For the Sporting Magazine.

Verdict against a Venison seller, in the Recovery of Wages for the Conveyance of fifty Head of Deer to Scotland.——A Case tried before Lord Kenyon in the Court of King's Bench, Dec. 7th, 1796.

GOSLING *versus* WRIGHT.

MR. Garrow, on the part of the plaintiff said, his client had been a servant to Mr. Wright, who kept a large venison shop in Bond-street; Colonel Mc. Kenzie, wishing to improve his breed of deer, gave the defendant an order for fifty deer; it being necessary that some person should go to superintend the care of them, defendant was willing to give the job to his late servant the plaintiff. Accordingly he agreed to give him three shillings per day, clear of all expences, for going to Scotland; accordingly the deer was shipped, the voyage being a very desperate one, and the vessel being nearly lost on her passage, notwithstanding every effort on the part of the plaintiff; and he could prove these efforts to be unabated; seventeen head of the deer very unfortunately died on their passage. This misfortune was surely not ascribeable to his client. He could not foresee on what ground his wages were denied him. He would prove his case, and then leave the jury to judge of the defence which might be set up to keep back the remaining sum, part being already paid into court.

He called several witnesses, who proved the extreme attention of the plaintiff to the animals on their passage, and who likewise heard the defendant say, that Gosling was to have three shillings per day over and above expences.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, did not dispute the case, nor impute the accident which had happened to the carelessness or inattention of the plaintiff. What he had to contend was, that betwixt Wright and Gosling no contract had been made; that Gosling was employed on the part of Colonel Mc. Kenzie, and that it was from him, and not the defendant, that the wages were recoverable. He remarked on the evidence, which by no means supported the contract. Wright's saying that Gosling was to have three shillings, was surely no reason to infer, that by Wright Gosling was to be paid.

Mr. Erskine endeavoured to prove his case thus, first, from a receipt in full given by Gosling to Wright for wages, the day after his return from Scotland, which he contended as presumptive proof of no money being due; on giving in this receipt it was found on a wrong stamp: He next endeavoured to prove it by an account given

given in by Gosling to Colonel Mc. Kenzie for the wages, but the servant to whom Gosling gave the bill, not being able to identify Gosling, by whom it was given, this mode of proof failed.

He thirdly endeavoured to prove it from Gosling's desiring a person to direct a letter containing an account to Colonel Mc. Kenzie.

Mr. Garrow remarked on the evidence, contending it to be extremely unlikely that this poor man would look for his money, or make a bargain with a person entirely out of the pale of the British law, when he could make his bargain with Mr. Wright. As for the letters and accounts given, the jury well knew that it was not impossible that these might be done by the direction of Wright, as a delicate means of applying to Colonel Mc. Kenzie for the money; what to him was conclusive was this, the work was done, and done in the best possible manner by his client, this was not denied; Colonel Mc. Kenzie had been a member of parliament, a man of fortune and of honour, a man who would never have disputed a debt that he thought to be due; this it was which induced him to conclude, that all was not right or fair towards his client, and this turning him on the Colonel, who would have paid him in a moment had he been the contractor, was to prevent his client from recovering his proper demand.——Verdict for the plaintiff.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you have done much towards illustrating the various diversions of our ancestors, the following extract from the Fædera, (vol. xvii. p. 236,) may most probably be thought worthy insertion, as it gives some light into the state of the diversions of the city of London and suburbs in ancient times. It is a grant from James I. to Clement Cotterell, Esq. groom porter of the king's houshold to licence a certain number of places for the use of cards, dice, bowling-allies, tennis-courts, &c.

Yours, &c.

D. B. CURWEN.

Worcester, Dec. 14, 1796.

BOWLING-ALLIES.

London, Westminster, and the suburbs of the same	24
Southwark	4
St. Catherine's	1
In the towns of Lambeth, and South Lambeth	2
In Shoreditch	1

And in every other Burgh, town, village, or hamlet within two miles of the city of London, one more.

TENNIS-COURTS.

London, Westminster, and within two miles thereof	14

And to keep play at dice and cards at forty taverns or ordinaries within the said limits, for the honest and reasonable reception (says his majesty) of *good* and civil people, who for their quality and ability, may lawfully use the games of bowling, tennis, dice, card-tables, nine holes, or any other games hereafter to be invented.

ANECDOTE *of* PETER III. *of* CASTILE.

A Canon of the Cathedral of Seville, affected in his dress, and particularly in his shoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes not made to please his taste, the

Canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker gave him with it so many blows upon the head, as laid him dead upon the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the Chapter; the Canon was prosecuted, and condemned not to appear in the choir for a year. The young shoemaker having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down, on the day of a procession, at the door of the Cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Amongst the other Canons, he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage and despair, got so far the better of his reason that he fell furiously upon the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge; and, after learning the particulars, he determined himself to be the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and after asking the young man what profession he was, "I forbid you (said he) to make shoes for a year to come."

For the Sporting Magazine.

Chalking *under a* Bowl.

On Thursday December 3, Mr. Turpin, a farmer, from Essex, was defrauded of bank-notes, to the amount of 170l. in the following manner; passing over London-bridge about ten o'clock, accompanied by a little boy, his son, he was accosted by a well-dressed man, who asked him if he did not come out of Essex; and being answered, yes, said, that he would trouble him on his return to leave a letter at Colchester, for a person whose name he mentioned, and who Mr. T. well knew, and proposed adjourning to a neighbouring public-house, where they shortly after were joined by two other genteel drest men, one of wh[om] said he had just received 1100l. and in a very careless manner, pulled an handful of notes and money out of his coat pocket; after some further conversation, he requested the other two sharpers to go with him to a girl's lodging in St. George's-fields, to get 400 guineas he had left with her the preceding night, which they consented to, and persuaded Mr. Turpin to accompany them, but when they got into the Borough, it was proposed to have something to drink, and they went into a public house, when the monied man offered to chalk letters under a bowl for a guinea, which was accepted by his associates, who winning the first two or three bets, persuaded Mr. T. to join with them, when the luck of course, changing, in a few minutes he lost 70l. and growing desperate, staked 100l. on the next chance, which he also lost; when the sharpers thinking they had sufficiently plundered him, the first, who picked him up, said he must go to the Bank to get more money, and took Mr. T. out of the house, while the others escaped, and on some frivolous excuse, left him in the street.

Mr. T. had nearly 500l. about him,

him, which the sharpers were apprized of, though they very moderately contented themselves with a part, which is as astonishing, as Mr. T. made no offer himself to give up the play.

The same day, a clothier from Gloucestershire, was defrauded of a 20l. bank-note, by two sharpers, who inveigled him to a public house in Goswell-street, where the same game was introduced, and losing 5l. one of the sharpers took the note, under the pretence of getting it changed, and, with his companion, escaped.

CONTRACT *for* HORSES.

Law Case in the Court of King's Bench, tried before Lord Kenyon, Dec. 2, 1796.

WILSON *versus* WOOTTON.

THIS was an action to recover a sum deposited for a horse.

Mr. Garrow said, that his client had been at Smithfield to sell a horse; that whilst there he was met by the defendant, who had likewise a horse to dispose of; that the parties seemed to like each others horses; that plaintiff said he would give his horse and two guineas for the defendant's; that after each examining the respective merits and faults of their horses; defendant said he would give his horse for two guineas and a half, on which plaintiff said he would give his horse, such as it was, and two guineas for defendant's horse, which was at length agreed to. Plaintiff examined the horse, and being told he was wall-eyed, took the horse as a sound horse; to his great surprise, when the horse was bringing home, he very near ran over one of the servants in the yard, and near dashed his brains out groping about the yard; that on finding this out, his client applied to have the money returned, to which defendant replied, "damn him, he would not give a sixpence; that there was no law for any horse under 10l. To recover this money the action was therefore brought.

Several evidences were brought to prove that the horse was blind before the purchase; that when plaintiff's 'ostler discovered it, he went to tell his master, who was drinking with defendant, to tell him that they had no business "with that there horse," that he was stone blind; on which plaintiff asked to have his money returned, which was refused.

Mr. Erskine—without taking up the time of the Court, as this was a *bona fide* contract, I presume the plaintiff cannot go back, the horses were sold as they were.

Lord Kenyon. I do not think the law will hear you out, the defect was discovered before the transaction was completed.

Mr. Erskine, then gentlemen of the jury, I shall endeavour to shew you, first, that there was no provision or exception, respecting the soundness of the horse at the sale; there was no warrantry whatever; and secondly, that the horse was a good horse, well worth the money, and not such as represented.

One witness swore to the fact of there being no warrantry; another swore to the horse not being quite blind, and that the horse was as good a little horse as ever was whipped.—Verdict for the plaintiff.

RULES *for* CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

AS the festival of Christmas is a season peculiarly devoted to all kinds of mirth and festivity, I have taken into consideration what is usually called a Game at Romps, and have considered how far it is consistent with the decency and delicacy that should ever distinguish the fair sex. Though I am very far from thinking that a gay sprightly young female, should sit with her eyes fixed on the ground, and answer only with the monosyllables yes, or no, in order to establish a reputation for decorum and virtue; yet a quite opposite behaviour, which throws off restraint and all distinction of sex, must unavoidably bring a lady into such situations as a man can scarce refrain obtaining, or she refuse granting, all he can desire, even without asking. In the course of a game of a romps, I have seen a young gentleman and lady upon the floor, in such attitudes, as had the lady been a spectator of, she must have blushed at, and, where her chastity seemed preserved only by the presence of a third person.

If the ladies will, however, persevere in romping in spite of the evils that await them, I would have them act with spirit and consistency and not to be displeased, if by any accident, a gentleman should pass the precise line of etiquette; for, to be out of temper with what they have themselves promoted, is condemning their own conduct in the event. To prevent accidents, and to avoid all misunderstandings, the following rules should be previously subscribed to.

Rules which ought to be attended to in the Game of Romps.

I. No ladies to be allowed the use of corking-pins to tickle with.

II. No scissars to be introduced on any occasion whatever.

III. No chairs to be pulled from under any person to give them the slip.

IV. No umbrage to be taken at the loss of a button on one side, or the loss of a garter on the other.

V. Any lady who blackens a gentleman's face, must not be displeased, if in return he whitens her's by rubbing off the rouge.

VI. Perriwigs are allowed to be burnt; but the ladies will have the worst of this in the long run, as most gentlemen now wear their own hair.

VII. No lady to be out of temper, if her bald pate, or any other part she would wish to conceal, be displayed in the conflict.

These rules being adverted to, will at least prevent any bickerings and animosities, if they do not entirely establish decency and decorum.

Yours, &c.

LOTHARIO.

Adelphi, Dec. 21, 1796.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A Brace of SPORTING LADIES *delineated.*

THE most striking females now shining in the sporting world is beyond all doubt Lady B——. Of all her sex she has the least of the woman about her,—that is, (for I would not be misunderstood) with regard to her exemptions from all those narrow prejudices, embarrassments, and apppre-

prehenſions, which prevent ſo many fair ones from executing in a maſterly manner, what they conceive with that boldneſs of invention, which ever diſtinguiſhes in every walk, or, if you pleaſe, line of life, the genius from the grub. In the, ſometimes hot, purſuit of her favourite amuſement, Lady B——'s aſſiduity is conſtant, her attention intenſe, her diligence unwearied, and her dreſs characteriſtic. That there is not a better ſhot in the county in which ſhe is qualified to ſhoot, when there is buſineſs ſtirring in her way; the havock which ſhe makes among the feathered race is a powerful—I was going to ſay a pathetic proof—I cannot help adding, that every proof of her manual addreſs does infinitely more credit to her hand than her heart: for when a lady's hand is familiar with a trigger, ſhe may poſſibly, in time, merely from the indulgence of her ruling paſſion, ſteel her breaſt againſt all tender emotions, and wound a lover and a lark with an equal degree of inſenſibility.

The next character I have ready to ſtart is Mrs. C——, who is ſo capital in her ſphere, that no woman has been able to come near her, except Lady L--de, though there is not a ſmall number who ſtrain every nerve to excel in her equeſtrian atchievements, and have knocked up almoſt as many horſes as they have mounted, in order to tear the venatorial honours from her triumphant brows. Charmed with the muſic of the chace, and enchanted with the "gallant chidings" of her friends, of which ſhe may well ſay

——— a cry more tuneable
Was never hallooed to, nor cheer'd with horn.

She is damped by no diſappointments, checked by no difficulties, terrified by no examples, ſuperior to all ſenſe of danger, ſhe flies over hedge and ditch, with an amazing temerity, and daringly exhibits herſelf in ſituations to which many ſtaunch fox-hounds, and no contemptible horſemen, do not chuſe to expoſe their bodies or their heads, having the fooliſh fear of a broken neck, or a fractured ſkull before their eyes, when ſuch fears operate in the minds of thoſe who were following a fox, the hunters paſſion is not ſufficiently ſtrong to enable them to the rich rewards which the intrepid train, whoſe lively motto is "Neck or Nothing," a motto which Mrs. C—— has adopted with a ſtriking propriety, and which ſhe often repeats with an energy, that convinces every body within the hearing of it, that ſhe will leave father, mother and huſband and cleave to her ſaddle, whenever a fox-chace is in view. Such a diverſion is her darling pleaſure, and her "dear delight." She is indeed ſo fond of a horſe, that ſhe can perform wonderful feats upon the back of that noble quadruped, many of which, while they amaze her own ſex, and make the other ſtare, would put Aſtley himſelf to the bluſh. The pious partner of her bed has made frequent and forcible attempts to ſtop her in her career, to rein her in, and to break her in to his own pace, but all to no purpoſe. Whenever he begins to remonſtrate againſt the gratification of a paſſion which is attended with ſo many perils, and which neceſſarily turn her thoughts from the performance of her domeſtic duties, which, he, in the ſimplicity of his heart, thinks highly deſerving the notice of every wife and every mother, whatever be her rank in ſociety, ſhe laughs at his ſtupid lectures, calls him a muzzy methodiſt, and then orders a tally-ho

a tally-ho in his ears, which ſoon drives him out of the reach of her inſulting in-tonations.

J. J. B.

The FOX, *or* SPORTING REPRIEVE.

ON Sunday, the 27th of November, in the evening, a very handſome TAME FOX eſcaped from the RECEPTACLE in EDGEWARE ROAD; handbills, with a guinea reward for his recovery, were circulated on the following morning, but no information whatever could be obtained for *ten days after*, when a hay ſalesman riding into the yard, and enquiry being made of him, he remembered to have heard "a fox had been caught by Mr. Nicholls, of Kingſbury, with his greyhounds a few days before, and being taken unhurt, he was transferred to Mr. Hill, of Lower Hall, near Edgeware, and was to be turned out before Mr. Clutterbuck's hounds, at Stanmore, on the following morning." As a moment was not to be loſt, a meſſenger was inſtantly diſpatched to Mr. Hill, who, receiving him very politely, begged to relinquiſh the *intended* ſport, if it ſhould prove the fox in queſtion; whether the fox was *magnified* by the *light* of the *candle*, or the meſſenger's eyes *diminiſhed* by the HOSPITALITY of the HOUSE, is not yet aſcertained; but, certain it is, he declined the fox, ſaying "he could take his oath the fox *then* before him was not the *identical fox* that was *loſt*." Returning late at night with this account, and the owner of the fox being too old a ſportſman to believe a *native fox* could be found in a hedge row within *ſix miles* of the metropolis, he diſpatched one of his lads, more particularly known to him, by five in the morning, who, arriving juſt as he was going to be *bagged* for his *fatal* deſtination, had ſome difficulty to obtain an interview, the previous meſſenger having moſt deciſively declined the fox upon the before mentioned aſſertion; but, prevailing in his application, he was admitted, and, whilſt the ſtanders-by ſtood aloof *with fear*, Reynard inſtantly ſubmitted to the *embraces* of his *old friend*, and being by him carried into the *parlour* for the amuſement of the LADIES and the no leſs curious *feminines* in the *kitchen*, was returned triumphant to his *old home*, where he affords occaſional ſport *in miniature* for two brace of terriers; having fully verified the philoſophic prediction of *Macheath*, that

"The wretch of TO-DAY may be happy TO-MORROW."

On the PISCATORY RACE.

Subſtance of an original Letter from Wm. Arderſon, Eſq. Fellow of the Royal Society, to Mr. Henry Baker, F. R. S. containing ſome curious Obſervations and Remarks on FISHES, *particularly the* ROACH; *written in the year* 1749.

"OF all the ſeveral kinds of fiſh, which for ſome years paſt I have been keeping in glaſs jars, (in hopes of becoming acquainted with the nature and properties of theſe animals, by having them daily under my inſpection,) none ſeems more impatient of impriſonment, if I may ſo call it, than the *roach*; nor, if they are well looked after, and ſupplied often enough with freſh water, have I obſerved any, except the roach, to become diſtempered. But moſt commonly, after this fiſh has been a little while confined, the finny part of its tail begins to drop off piece by piece, and when the finny part is all

all gone, a kind of mortification ſeizes upon the tail itſelf, and gradually creeps along until it reaches the inteſtines, at which time the fiſh immediately dies.

"The laſt roach I had under this diſorder, was about the beginning of January, when, in the ſpace of a month, it had loſt the greateſt part of the fin, which induced me to clip off the reſt, hoping thereby to ſtop the progreſs of the mortification; but this was of no manner of ſervice that I could perceive: the diſtemper or malady ſtill gained ground, and, as it increaſed, a fine fribrillous ſubſtance grew out from it.

"Theſe fribrils, when examined by the microſcope, ſhew themſelves to be a number of minute tubes, filled with a browniſh fluid or liquor, which upon preſſing, becomes immediately diſcharged.

"When firſt I perceived this fibrous ſubſtance inveloping the fiſh's tail, I ſuppoſed it to be nothing but a mouldineſs of that kind, which frequently is ſeen upon decayed fleſh and fiſh; but upon trial, I found it to be of a much ſtronger texture and conſiſtence, than ſuch mouldineſs is ever known to have; for, notwithſtanding I have ſeveral times let a full ſtream of water run upon it from a cock, I never could waſh it off.

"This fiſh lived with me until the latter end of March, and then died, having for many days before its death, lain at the bottom of the jar, without being able to riſe.

"As the mortification advanced, and came nearer to its inteſtines, the quickneſs of its taking water in at the mouth increaſed, till at laſt it took it in three times faſter than a lively ſtrong fiſh did.

"On my cutting off part of the fiſh's tail, in hopes of ſtopping the mortification, the equilibrium of the body was ſo far loſt, that it hung in the water moſt commonly with the head downwards, and could never after continue in any other poſture without great ſtrugglings, or ſinking down to the bottom of the veſſel; which may ſerve to ſhew how nicely and wonderfully the bodies of fiſh are balanced, for the keeping them in an horizontal poſture or poſition, ſince in this caſe the loſing a few grains of the tail could ſo ſenſibly deſtroy the equilibrium, as to render the reſt of its fins almoſt uſeleſs. I dare not, however, aſſert it will happen thus to all ſorts of fiſh on cutting off the tail, nor does it to roach immediately; for as it is a poſture very unnatural and troubleſome to fiſhes, they exert all their ſtrength to prevent their heads from ſinking downwards, until being wearied out, they at laſt are forced to ſubmit."

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS an OLD SPORTSMAN, I beg permiſſion to put "the *ſaddle* upon the *right* horſe," to which I am confident you will not have the leaſt objection. An inveterate enemy to falſehood and plagiariſm yourſelves, you would not knowingly become the inſtruments of *either*. This remark naturally ariſes from a peruſal of the "*Impromptu*" (as it is called) in your Laſt, and there ſaid to be tranſmitted by your "PIGEON SHOOTING" correſpondent, from Aſhwell, in Herts. Strict truth and plain ſpeaking are the *leading* hobby-horſes in my *ſtud*; they both prompt me to aſſure you and your literary friend, (though I poſſeſs

possess none of the poetic furor of the *Cacoethes Scribendi*,) that the "*Impromptu*" he sends you, as the effusion of *his* fancy, is the last verse of a song written by *me* in the year 1778, after sitting up all night over good claret, with *Dick Sparkes*, *Phil. Glenville*, and other *bon vivants* in the city of Dublin, when the light was literally "barred out," by closing the windows at *six* in the morning; and the author was challenged by the party to record it *in verse* by the hour of meeting on the *following* evening: this was done, and a variety of copies were solicited, from one of which the identical "*Impromptu*" has, beyond a doubt, escaped. I have the original amongst my papers, and will bet *one hundred* guineas to *one* of the fact. The preceding verses were rationally allusive to the character and song of each *hearty fellow* in the company, and concluded thus:

"With wit, mirth and friendship, the stronger with wine,
"We wore out that haggard, the Night,
"Nor parted, though Phœbus did pleasingly shine,
"But wantonly barr'd out his light.
"When Bacchus, convinc'd we had bow'd to his shrine,
"He gave each a place in his heart,
"Declaring such vot'ries should never want wine,
"And in rapture he saw us depart."

Your constant reader,
STAMINA,
Of the Old School.

Dec. 8, 1796.

The BUTLER *and* COOK.

IN the Court of King's Bench Nov. 29, the following case was decided before Lord Kenyon, in which Mr. Erskine stated to the jury that the plaintiff and defendant were both servants in the family of Mr. Drummond Smith, of Tring Park. The plaintiff was butler, and the defendant cook.

The occasion of their quarrel was this: a man was in the house repairing the bells, and it was necessary, in order to judge whether they would act properly, to ring them with more than usual violence, for which purpose he got the assistance of the plaintiff, who pulled at such rate, that the delicate nerves of defendant could not bear it. He said the noise was offensive, that he could not stay in the kitchen, and desired them to desist; this not being complied with, the noise of the bells so affected his head, that he became quite outrageous; he sallied up stairs, not like a man in a *modern battle*, but more like one of the *heroes* described in *Homer's Iliad*, with a tremendous weapon in his hand. When he came up stairs he pushed the plaintiff, who in his turn pushed against him; the defendant then struck the plantiff over the wrist a very violent blow, the effects of which were such, that he was for a considerable time an out-patient in St. George's Hospital.

Mr. Erskine called a witness of the name of Sebastian Grace, to prove his case, who being rather deaf, he desired him to have the *grace* to step out of the box, and come nearer to him. He did so, and deposed that he was the bell-hanger, and that he desired the butler to pull hard. The French cook complained that he made such a noise, he could not stay in the kitchen. The butler continued ringing, and the cook coming up, said, "*You scoundrel, you make de noise for de purpose*," They began to scuffle and the cook struck the butler over the face.

Lord Kenyon said, it was a pity that fellow servants could not agree. He recommended that each might pay his own costs; accordingly a juror was withdrawn.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Tuesday, November 29, a match for 100 guineas each, between Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Mr. Forrester, and Mr. C. Meynell, from Barkby Holt to Billesdon Coplow, and back again, (a distance of nine miles across the country,) was run in twenty-six minutes, and won by the latter. The gentlemen rode their own horses, and afforded great diversion to the largest concourse of people ever witnessed on a similar occasion.

The famous trotting horse belonging to Mr. Belvin, horse-dealer, of Oxford-street, is engaged, for 100 guineas, to trot against a mare, known by the name of the Norfolk Trotter, the property of Mr. Withall, stable-keeper, in Piccadilly, twenty miles on the Bath road, some time in February next. The odds are 7 to 4 on the above-mentioned mare, who is supposed to be the fastest trotter in England.

As true sportsmen are fond of recounting great exploits in the field, we give them the following, which, though it may require all their faith, and be said to approach to the marvellous, is very respectably authenticated :— A mare, the property of Mr. Chapman, of Bridlington, in leaping a broad ditch, a short time since, sprung, at one bound, 63 feet, without any descent to the ground.

The sport at the Swaffham Coursing Meeting, was capital, with the addition of hawking, introduced by a worthy member of the society, (Mr. Hammond,) on his fine domain at Castle Acre. Mr. Coppin and Mr. Pottinger produced the best greyhounds. (See p. 130, in the present Number.

Canine Sagacity.

The late Paris papers mention, that a merchant of the Rue des Piques, found, on his return home, a chest which had been left by two men in his absence. He asked for the bill of parcels, and was told it was to be brought next day. Whilst he was speaking, his little dog approached the chest, smelt, and retired alternately, and then began to bark with all his might: this alarmed the master. He ordered the chest to be taken to the guard-house, where it was opened before the commissary of the police. In it was found a man provided with picklock keys, who could open and shut at pleasure the chest, which is quaintly called "the *diminutive* of the *Grecian horse!*"

A Newfoundland dog, belonging to B. Crowther, esq. of Henwick-hill, near Worcester, a few days since, dived into the Severn, and, after continuing under water several minutes, brought out a cannon-ball of near five pounds weight, between his teeth. Such was the uncommon strength of the animal, that he actually leaped two five-barred gates, and never quitted his hold until he had conveyed the ball into his master's house.

As Mr. Charles Smith was walking by the side of a brook at Weedon Beck, in Northamptonshire, he observed in the snow, the track of three otters. Having a terrier with him, which caught the scent, Mr. Smith following, soon found them, and with the assistance of the dog, secured two of them alive; one weighed 24lb. and

and meaſured from noſe to tail, three feet nine inches; the other weighed 27lb. and a half, and meaſured four feet one inch.

COCKING.

Repreſentation of the Cock-Pit Royal.—*(See plate annexed.)*

The ingenuity of our artiſt has this month produced an etching, ſtrikingly deſcriptive of the inſide of the Cock-Pit Royal, St. James's, which we are perſuaded will afford general ſatisfaction to our ſubſcribers. Of this ſpecies of ſport, much has already been ſaid in a former part of our work; it is however our intention, at a future period, to detail further particulars.

December 5, was fought for, at the Gentlemen's Pit, Bankſide, Southwark, the firſt great ſubſcription, by ſixteen ſubſcribers, at five guineas each, and was won by Mr. Oates's black-breaſted red, named Mendoza; and on the 6th, the ſilver cup was won by Mr. Brookſbank's red dun, Dare Devil. This was a large meeting, and it was allowed by all judges, Mr. Oates's cock was the beſt ever ſeen; indeed it was ſaid,

'Would Brookſbank breed, and Oates but feed,
Thus forming true alliance,
At all the ſod they'd laugh and nod,
And bid the world defiance.

There are now at Henry B. Barnard's, eſq. in South Cave, ſeven partridges, four of which are of the moſt beautiful milk white, without a ſingle coloured feather; the remaining three are pied. The covey conſiſted of eight—the above ſeven were taken by a net in September laſt, and the eighth eſcaped. They are kept in a place built for the purpoſe of keeping pheaſants and other birds of that kind, and do not appear to ſuffer at all from their confinement.

Lord Berkley's hounds unkennelled a fox, on Saturday, December 17, in Newland Wood, Hertfordſhire, which after running an hour, took into a drain in Moor-Park, the ſeat of Mr. Rous; an attempt to *ſmoke him* out proving fruitleſs, the drain was opened, and a terrier turned in, when he *bolted*, and afterwards afforded a moſt ſevere burſt of fifty minutes. At length, finding himſelf cloſely purſued, he run to earth in Batches wood.

Paris Faſhions.

In a former part of our work, we have, in one or two inſtances, noticed the eccentric faſhions of Paris; the following novel and fantaſtic arrangement is literally taken from a French paper:

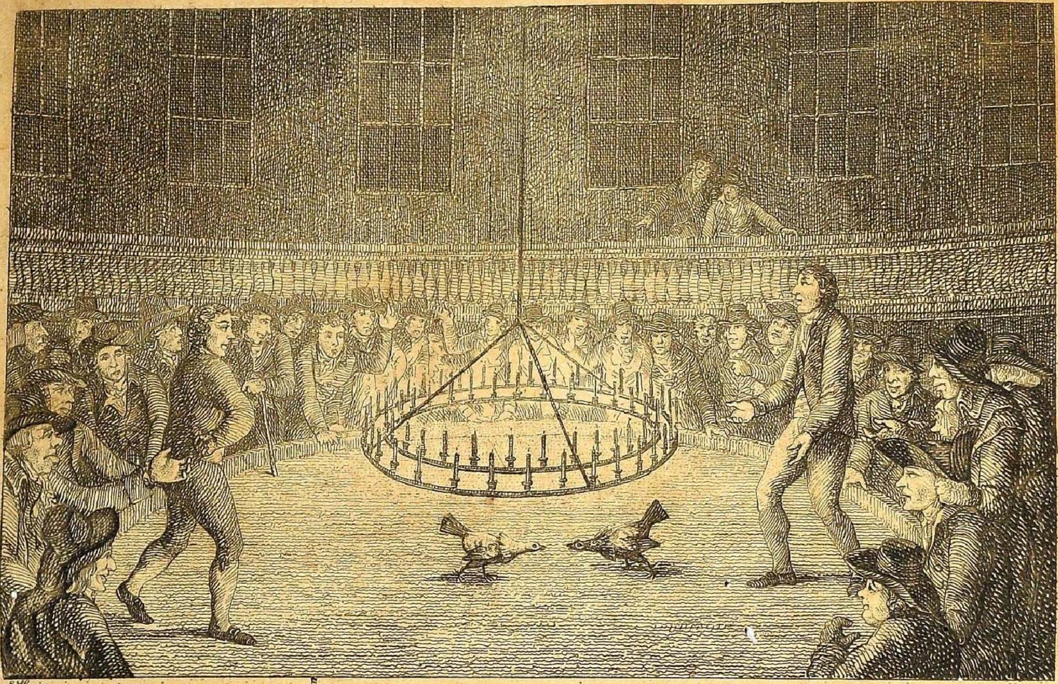
" Our modern *Aſpacias* have now diſcarded the vulgar uſe of *ſhoes* and *ſtockings*: they now wear nothing but a ſlight *ſole* attached with *ribbons* in the form of a *buſkin*. Some of them on their toes actually wear *rings*. Rings! yes, ſir; if you do not believe me, go and viſit the balls of Richelieu and Ventzel."—*La Quotidienne.*

DUELLING.

A duel was fought on the 19th of September, on the race-ground, near Spaniſh Town, Jamaica, between Colonel and Major Shea, when the latter fell, his antagoniſt's firſt fire having taken place; the ball went through his heart.

Another duel was fought at the ſame place, on the 23d of September, between an officer of the 20th Dragoons, and an officer of the Iriſh Brigade, when the latter was ſlightly wounded.

A ſhort time ſince, in conſequence of a diſpute which happened



COCK PIT ROYAL. 1796.

pened between Lieutenants M—y and Q—y, both of the brigade regiment which embarked from New Geneva lately, a meeting took place at Dublin, when the parties discharged two shots each, without any injury being sustained on either side.

At the beginning of this month, a duel was fought in the fields near Merrion Square, Dublin, between Counsellors Curran and Egan, in consequence of some difference in a legal opinion in a cause before the court. After a shot discharged by each, the seconds interfered, and the affair was amicably adjusted. Mr. S. Ponsonby was second to Mr. Curran, and Mr. Yelverton was friend to Mr. Egan.

Gamekeepers Bill.

In the House of Commons, on Friday, December 2, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that in some subsequent bill relative to the militia, it was his intention to introduce a clause for exempting such gamekeepers as should voluntarily enroll their names, from the ballot in the militia; and those persons would not be called out, except when their services were actually necessary, nor be required to do duty like other militia-men. He then moved to postpone the second reading of this bill to this day six months, which was carried.

The bill (for some particulars of which see p. 44, No 49) is therefore of course rejected.

CASUALTIES.

Never did any accident, attended with consequences less serious, produce more alarm to the feelings of the spectators, than the following:—A young woman, with a child about two years old in her arms, went, a few days ago, to see Carey's collection of beasts, at Stafford; when incautiously standing too near the cage of a leopard, the creature darted its paw through the grating, and fastening its talons into the clothes of the child, dragged it from her arms—her fears depriving her of the power of resistance: the beast then put the other paw through another part of the grating, and, embracing the child, held it in that frightful position, at least, a minute—the beast ineffectually attempting to force his head through the cavity of the bars to bite the child. By the assistance of the keeper, it was, however, with difficulty, extricated from the iron gripe, with only a slight scratch in its cheek.

Some time since, a melancholy accident happened at High Cross, Hertfordshire, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Black:—As two of the servants, man and woman, who had been married two weeks only, were cleaning the house, he unguardedly took down a double-barrelled pistol, not thinking it loaded, and presenting it to his wife, said jokingly, "I'll shoot you," when instantly the contents were discharged, and killed her on the spot.

As a young gentleman from London, on a shooting party at Sandhurst, in Kent, was discharging his fowling piece at a pheasant, the gun unfortunately burst, whereby his left hand was most dreadfully shattered, and entirely blown off at the wrist.

On Tuesday Nov. 29, was buried, at Barrow, near Wenlock, Shropshire, Mr. Thomas Moody, the well known whipper-in to G. Forester, Esquire's fox-hounds for thirty years. He had every sporting honour paid to his memory. He was carried to his grave by a number of old earth-stoppers, and attended by many other sporting friends, who heartily mourned for him; directly after the corpse followed his old favourite horse (which he used always to call his *Old Soul*) thus accoutred, carrying his last fox's brush in front of his bridle, with his cap, his whip, his boots, spurs, and girdle across his saddle. The ceremony being over, he (by his own desire) had three clear rattling view halloos, given him over the grave; and thus ended the career of poor Tom, who lived and died *an honest fellow*—but, *alas, a very wet one.*

Dreadful Accidents which occurred during the late Frost, from the diversion of skaiting on the ice.

On Sunday Dec. 4, so great was the anxiety of the lovers of this sport that notwithstanding the ice on the canal, in St. James's Park, was only sufficient to bear in some parts, a number of people had the temerity to appear thereon.

Soon after twelve o'clock, two persons fell in, and were taken out for dead, but were fortunately recovered at the Horse Guards, after great exertion by the Humane Society; they were father and son! About three o'clock five others fell in at once, but fortunately they were all saved. Soon after four o'clock three more fell in, all of whom were drowned. The bodies were taken out on the following day.

The Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, presented scenes not less distressing. About three o'clock a young man fell in near the east end, and his brother going to assist him, fell in also. The one who went to the relief of the other was several times quite under water. At last a rope was procured and they were both pulled out. The person who went to the assistance of his brother, after being out about ten minutes, fainted suddenly, and fell on the ground. He was brought to his senses, and carried to a coach. During this distressing scene, the indignation of the numerous spectators was strongly provoked by several young men, who continued skaiting round the very places where the others fell in, and on parts of the ice more dangerous. Accordingly soon after four o'clock, one man fell in, and three others going to his assistance, fell in likewise. The first sunk; the two others also disappeared, and the fourth was rescued with a rope, but in a very enfeebled condition, almost frozen to death. A hair-dresser* and his son were two of the unfortunate sufferers. One of the bodies was afterwards found, taken out by a drag, and was, about six o'clock, consigned to the care of a miserable wife and child!

On the Upper Reservoir, in the Green Park, a man's feet flew from under him while skaiting, and he fell backwards with great violence, his head first striking the ice. He fractured his skull, and was carried to a surgeon's without hopes of recovery.

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* The name of this unfortunate sufferer was Robinson, and lived near Bond street: he dressed Earl Spencer, with whom his niece lived servant.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

FORTUNE'S FOOL,

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, *Esq. and spoken by Mr.* TOMS.

TO each new play, a prologue must appear,
Like poet laureat's ode to each new year—
But here, at once, the simile must end,
Chance is the laureat's, not the prologue's friend;
He may anticipate the coming hour,
By the prophetic muse's magic pow'r;
But we, like shewmen, trumpet forth our ware,
Promise you feasts, but shew no bill of fare:
Bound down to secrecy, we must not say
One word upon the subject of the play.
Yet for our author, this I dare impart,
He bears your former favors next his heart——
And though the course he steers to night be new,
He fears no quicksands, piloted by you;
Whose powerful aid, and still sustaining hand,
Have ever brought his little bark to land,
And moor'd her where his hope begins and ends,
Save in the haven of his gen'rous friends.
Perhaps these crowded benches may contain
Some who've been fool'd in fortune's giddy train!
Some who, with ceaseless toil, pursuing wealth,
Have gain'd their object, but have lost their health;
And prov'd, at length, that gold can ne'er bestow,
A balm for sickness, or a shield for woe;
Some who, ambitious of a fleeting name,
Have barter'd happiness and peace for fame,
And found, too late, in disappointment's school,
How oft' ambition makes us Fortune's Fool.
Our author on Thalia's treasury draws—
An annual candidate for your applause!
Which, like the fresh'ning dews of rising morn,
Hangs, through his life, a gem on ev'ry thorn!
To night, once more, his fate on you depends,
His gen'rous patrons, and his pow'rful friends!
'Twas you who brighten'd up his early day,
And now to independence lead the way!
The curtain dropp'd, he'll prove, if you have smil'd,
Not Fortune's Fool, but Fortune's fav'rite child!

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME,

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, *Esq. and spoken by Mrs.* MATTOCKS.

(A Chair, Table, and Lady's Work-bag.)

ONCE more I come, your fav'ring smile to catch,
Myself I offer now—say, is't a match?
No partial flame I feel, for great or small;
I love you roundly—and will take you all:—
Perhaps you think me bold, to court the men,—
If so, I do but copy nine in ten;
Like high-drest misses, to attract the beaux,
Each grace of art, and *nature* too expose;
Yet, as I only trust to mental charms,
And *bare* no elbows, bosom, knee, or arms;

My

My frankness I without a blush may boast,
You can but say, that I'm *bare-faced* at most.
But hold, true woman, fond of selfish prattle,
I fight my own, but not our author's battle;
He, trembling Dramatist, of Notoriety,
To Speculation fears to add satiety;
Oft' he has tried your patience heretofore;
Shall he not try it now a little more?
Of that, and of your kindness, nothing loth,
He gives you ample room to practise both;—
Sweet patience! long they exercise thy pow'rs,
In other houses, full as much as ours;—
See anxious trepidation, how it flushes,
The virgin member, with his maiden blushes!
He takes his seat, *(sits down in chair)* and all his troubles past,
The long expected moment comes at last;—
He rises, *(gets up)* twirls his hat, hems, strokes his chin,
Probes his cravat, and ventures to begin—
"Sir, I am sensible"—some titter near him—
"I say, I'm very sensible"—all, "hear him, hear him"—
He bolder grown, for praise, mistaking pother,
Tea-pots one arm, and spouts it with the other——
"Once more, I'm very sensible indeed——
"That tho' we should want words, we must proceed—
"And for the first time in my life, I think—
"I think——that no great orator should shrink—
"And therefore, Mr Speaker, I, for one,
"Will speak out freely, sir, and so——I've done."
Peace to his eloquence———to banish that,
Suppose we have a little female chat.—
Vulgar *Miss Bull*, and *Lady Scrag Lopsidle*,
Whene'er they meet, their tongues are never idle;—
Miss Bull begin———
"Lauk, what a bonnet! why, it looks quite scurvy,
"Its like a coal-skuttle turn'd topsy-turvy;"
"Its like some heads then, Miss—all smoke and smother—
"So one good turn you see, deserves another;
"But your strait forward taste, who can resist?"
"Some taste, my lady, seems to have a twist;
"If women will forget that they grow older,
"And wear, like children, straps across the shoulder;
"Why not, like children, give them playful smacks,
"And let the straps be laid across their backs."
"Miss, you're severe——
"But here's my comfort, *(goes and takes work-bag)* this I'll fondly hug—
"Your favourite work?"—"No, Miss, my favourite Pug—
"This is its kennel—*(takes dog out of work-bag)* oh, the pretty creature!
"How neat and elegant in every feature!
"It drinks noyau, and dines upon boil'd chicken,
"But ragou'd sweetbread, is it's favourite picking—
"Lest the hot sun should tan the charming fellow,
"When it walks out, I carry this umbrella;
"But when cold frosty weather comes to nip it,
"It wears a little spencer, and a tippet——
"Come, Pug, to bed—Lord who could think it dear,
"To pay five shillings for thee, every year!"
Her la'aship's kindness must be prais'd, which brings
Such useful lessons from such useless things;
And folly never can be out of date,
While puppies may grow up to help the state——
If here, this night, good-nature smiling rules,
We shall be Fortune's Fav'rites, not her Fools.

SPECIMEN *of the* AIRS, &c. *in the new Comic Operas of* ABROAD AND AT HOME, *and the* SHIPWRECK.

AIR,

Sung by MR. FAWCETT *in Abroad and at Home—Scene, the King's Bench Prison.*

WHEN to my pretty Poll I went,
And I to travel sought her,
"Ah, stay at home, dear Jack," says she,
"I cannot cross the water."
What could I do? Away I flew,
A curricle I bought her,
Six smoking bays, all Hyde Park's gaze,
From Tattersall's I brought her.
"Dear Jack," says she, "how kind you be!
(She'd coax like Eve's own daughter,)
"With you will I both live and die,
"Do all but cross the water."

Then

Then, splashing, dashing through the town,
She drove, the stare of all,
The echo of her rattling wheels
Was, "There goes pretty Poll!"
"Oh, pretty, pretty Poll!"
From ev'ry tongue the echo rung
"See, there goes pretty Poll!"
What a lad then was I!
All to dress at me try,
And my praise to withhold none so currish,
With my girl so divine,
Such dinners! such wine!
What a damn'd clever dog was Jack Flourish!
But an end to my cash,
And my fame goes to smash,
No friends my good qualities nourish;
For they, once so kind,
Now agree in one mind,
What a damn'd stupid flat is Jack Flourish!
Thus, cut by my friends, by bailiffs seiz'd,
And this vile limbo near,
Yet with one hope I still was pleas'd,
That Poll my cage wou'd cheer.
To Poll I told where I must go,
And not to leave me sought her;
She laughing cried, "Dear Jack, you know
I cannot cross the water*."

AIR.—Mr. Incledon.

Once, all that could enchant the sight,
Enraptur'd fancy drew,
And deck'd each prospect of delight
With tints of brightest hue.
In fairy loveliness array'd,
The beauteous objects shone,
While charm'd I gaz'd, hope sweetly said
"These prospects are thine own."

But fancy, now, from forms of joy,
Averts her sick'ning sight;
Her pencil horrors wild employ,
And scenes of blackest night.
The dismal pictures rise to view
Where direst ills combine,
Despair exclaims, "bid hope adieu,
These prospects now are thine."

In the Shipwreck.

Selwin.

O'er the ocean, when sailors are roaming,
In search of some far distant shore;
Though billows around them are foaming,
Though cannons and loud tempests roar.
Yet they fear from no enemy dangers,
Nor heed the rude blasts of the wind;
Alike to all fears they are strangers,
Save fear for their loves left behind.

Sally Shamrock.

Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barters,
My pins, my toys, and shoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters;
Full cheap my various goods I sell,
Through village, street, and alley;
In London, where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally.

Now thus from town to town I stray,
Light-hearted—free from sorrow,
And when I eat my meal to day,
I care not for to-morrow:
So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, spend a trifle, sir, with me,
And think of little Sally.

Angelica.

With a heart light and gay, in a cottage of thatch,
Let me live with content for my guest,
Where the canker of care never rusted the latch,
And where grief shall be strange to my breast.

There joy'll be repeated, yet never shall cloy,
While the object is peace to the mind,
And the rapid succession of uniform joy
Shall leave no discomfort behind.

There the hours all shall fly, like the blossoms of spring,
With the promise fresh beauties to prove,
Ev'ry season revolving its pleasures shall bring,
And the harvest of joy shall be love.

SONG.—Dick.

On board the Valiant we set sail,
The streamer waving in the wind,
The sails distended by the gale,
Seem'd to forget the shores behind.
The sailor to the topmast flies,
To wave his handkerchief in air;
And on the tow'ring cliff descries
His own true Polly weeping there,
And hears her sigh, adieu!

Now fresher blew the sou'west gale,
In peace no more the billows sleep,
The storm that rent the swelling sail
Loud murmur'd o'er the sullen deep;
No

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* "Cross the water," is intended to be taken in a double sense—either to cross the water to the continent, or the Thames to the King's Bench Prison.

No more the sailor sees the land,
Yet waves his handkerchief in air,
In vain he seeks the well-known strand,
To find his own true Polly there,
And hear her sigh, adieu!

POP AND GO ONE,
A SONG.

SINCE I first went to school, and the hornbook I handled,
I never could bear like a babe to be dandled;
But whipt up my gigg, knuckl'd down to my taw,
And with pellets for pop-guns kept wagging my jaw;
For, whatever was the mark, to let fly was my fun,
As my greatest delight was in pop and go one.
Pop and go one, pop and go one, as my greatest delight was in pop and go one.

I began for to pout when they call'd me a boy,
And at nine I sat up for a hobboty-hoy;
At ten I could manage my cudgel and can,
And before I was twelve I could box like a man;
At fifteen like a sportsman I handled my gun,
And I relish'd no pastime like pop and go one.
Pop and go one, &c.

Now, damme, d'ye see, if a man look awry,
Or I take an affront at the glance of his eye,
A bread-basket plumper I tip him at once,
Which I learn'd from Will Ward, and he knows I'm no dunce;
Or if he's inclin'd to more gemmen-like fun,
I've a choice brace of bull-dogs for pop and go one.
Pop and go one, &c.

Thus I dashingly drive through the high road of life,
And, by turns, I lay siege to maid, widow, and wife;
Keep it up is the word, and I will while I can,
For I sigh for no woman and care for no man;
And when death claims his due, like a merciless dun,
Let him bone me, who cares, 'tis but pop and go one.
Pop and go one, &c.

BRUSH.

ON A HAIR-DRESSER.

OLD TONSOR, who many
Had shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair, dress'd and bled for a tester,
Nor ever was wishing
To mend his condition,
Grew rich by the death of a sister.

To his villa retir'd,
Old Tonsor was fir'd
With the thoughts of enjoying his wealth;
But soon found, to his torment,
That want of employment
Procur'd him nor comfort nor health.

The sports of the field,
No joy could they yield—
Guns, fishing-rods, horses, or dogs;
Nor reading nor writing
Did he take delight in—
'Squires, justices, parsons, or hogs.

So he took to his trade—he
Made each lass a lady,
And turn'd all their clowns into fops;
And beards became scarcer
Than before was a razor,
And pigtails as plenty as hops!

EPIGRAM.

DOCTOR LEE, who at punning all punsters defied,
When his friend, Doctor EGG, to the distaff was tied,
By a dame, who for years his addresses had spurn'd,
While for Bachelor WHITE she with ardency burn'd;
"The good lady," quoth he, "hath much suit undergone,
And to take up with EGG, has for years been egg'd on;
But 'tis my firm belief, if the truth may be spoke,
She's too fond of the WHITE to be pleas'd with the YOKE."

EGGSHELL.

EPITAPH

On the late Mr. TETHERINGTON, so well known to all the Sporting Men on the Turf.

THE *ups* and *downs* of life he knew,
Yet always full of whim,
Upon the turf he wealthy grew,
But now the turf's *on him.*

BOB WINTER.